Why Hire a House?

Why hire a house, and pay rent year after year, when you can

Buy Your House

on a simple plan of easy instalment payments, less than the rent, through the

CITY LIFE Assurance Co. Ltd.

Booklet free from D.B. / J.B., (D. Bailey, Gen. Manager)

6, PAUL ST., FINSBURY, E.C.2

Wonderful Value In Fountain Pens. *See Page 14.*

The Stick to Stick to!

BECAUSE it lathers readily and richly in hot or cold water — BECAUSE its lather does not quickly dry—

PRICES 1/ REGINA 1/ SHAVING STICK

For 3d. in stamps we will post you a generous trial sample stick of "Regina."

Made by PRICE'S, BATTERSEA, London, S.W.11.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXV. No. 661. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1919. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

IRELAND: THE ONLY WAY

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

A Perfect Food-Beverage

After a strenuous day's work, there is nothing so refreshing or so comforting as a cup of Milkmaid Milk-Cocoa. Made of the finest Cocoa—in itself a nourishing food—best sugar and pure rich milk—combined in correct proportions Milkmaid Milk-Cocoa is really three foods and a drink in one.

MILKMAID MILK-COCOA

The Cocoa with the Milk-Chocolate Flavour

Free from the grittiness so often found in ordinary Cocoa—delicious to the taste—smooth to the palate. Made in a moment by simply adding boiling water.

Prepared in England by the Proprietors of Nestlé's Milk and sold everywhere.

Cash price: 5½d., 10d. & 1/7½ per tin

Fidelity

"THE Pansie Heart's-ease Maidens Call" sang Drayton, and its soft velvety petals, old-time fragrance and reassuring colouring, certainly do seem to tell of comforting, and of faithful loving remembrance.

In a charming, old-world Irish Village, the cottage gardens of which are gay in season with a profusion of homely flowers, the only industry is the making of a Toilet Soap which combines, appropriately enough, all the characteristics of the Pansy—McClinton's Colleen Soap.

McClinton's
Colleen Soap

Price 6d. per Tablet. 1/6 per 3 Tablet Box.

The "soft-as-velvet" lather, the fresh green colouring, the delicate aroma of Colleen Soap are all due to its unique composition of vegetable oils and plant ash, to which, also, is due its beneficent effect on the skin. Persistent and exclusive use of McClinton's Colleen Soap will restore and preserve the soft, clear supple skin of childhood, with its finer texture, and that delicacy and charm you so much desire.

McCLINTON'S LTD. (Dept. A.G.), DONAGHMORE, TYRONE

35,000 Citizens
(Thirty-Five Thousand) ARE NOW USING
"The Amateur Mechanic"

written in simple, non-technical language, by practical craftsmen, and helpfully illustrated by "How-to-do-it" Pictures.

IT SHOWS YOU HOW TO

paint and paper a room—**sole** and heel and patch **boots** and shoes—mount maps—bind **magazines**—re-bind old books—make hand-sewn boots—restore colour of old brown shoes—make household **furniture**—re-seat **chairs**—upholster sofas, &c.—work in glass—instal a home speaking tube—make a wire bracket for oil lamp or gas bracket so that food can be heated over it—clean a **Primus** or other stove—repair bicycles—overhaul a **motor-car**—repair **motor-cycles**—work in metal—colour metals—make a **garden** frame—repair **water taps**—varnish a **violin**—remedy **damp walls**—repair the **piano**—make a padded chair from an old cask—make mail cart and **perambulator** hoods—mend penknives—stuff animals—dress **furs**—stuff and mount birds—wood inlaying—cure a **smoky chimney**—prepare working drawings and how to read **working drawings**—make a chemical weather glass—renovate a **grandfather's clock**—make invisible ink—make garden furniture, arbours, arches, seats, **summer-houses**, &c.—use metal-drilling tools—clean bookcovers—renovate mirrors—upholster furniture in leather cloth—mend broken **china**—do **fretwork**—build a boat—make a canoe, &c.—limewhite **poultry-houses**—do gold-plating and silver-plating—clean a **watch**—mend keyless and ordinary watches—distemper **ceilings** and walls—make **picture frames** and to frame pictures—make and fix curtain fittings—make metal castings—make tracing paper, waterproof paper, fireproof paper, &c.—clean paint off glass—fit up a **motor workshop**—clean **boilers**—fix an **anthracite** stove—re-gild and restore picture frames—use spanners—make doors and windows **draught-proof**—paint walls—make a **garden path**—do nickel plating—cure noises in **hot-water pipes**—make **soap** at home—build and glue varnishes—clean and repair **locks**—do leaded **glass-work**—Acids for etching metals—make and use micrometers—make plaster casts, &c., &c.

This is Money Saving Knowledge.

Mr. CARDWELL Belfast, writes:—
"They are splendid value . . . I cannot explain how pleased I am with the books."

Mr. JAMES MOORE, Gloucester, writes:—
"The work is a complete self-instructor; *it quite bears out all you claim for it.*"

"One result of the war is a tremendous increase in the number of amateur mechanics. This work comes as a god-send to the distressed householder . . . The List of 'Hows' in the advertisements does not half cover the contents."—*Clarion Review.*

FREE

A descriptive Booklet showing pages and pictures from "The Amateur Mechanic."

To the WAVERLEY BOOK CO. Ltd.,
7, 8 and 9, Old Bailey, London, E.C.4.

Please send me, without charge or obligation to order, your Free Illustrated Pamphlet, containing all particulars as to contents, etc., of "The Amateur Mechanic," also information as to your offer to send the Complete Work for a merely nominal first payment, the balance to be paid by a few small monthly payments, beginning thirty days after delivery of work.

NAME .....
(Send this Form or a Postcard)

ADDRESS .....

J.B. E. 1919.

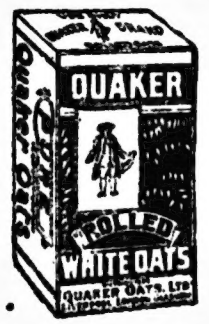
You could live for 9¾d a day—
were all foods like Quaker Oats.

In Quaker Oats, 1,000 calories of nutrition cost 3¼d. So the average man's daily need—3,000 calories—would cost 9¾d. in this food.

"Calorie" **is the Unit of Nutrition by which the Government state the Food Value of all foods in the book "Food and How to Save It," by Edmund I. Spriggs. M.D., F.R.C.P., published by H.M. Stationery Office. Thus, whereas 1 lb. Quaker Oats costing about 6d. contains 1,810 calories (or units of nutrition) 1 lb. of eggs, costing about 3s. 8d. contains only 624 calories.**

In these expensive days use Quaker Oats whenever you can. See recipes on each packet. Every shilling's worth of Quaker Oats used in place of meat saves an average of 7s., or in place of fish 19s. You can serve almost 20 plates for the cost of a single egg.

Quaker Oats wins everybody with its flavour, helps and strengthens all by its easily digested and wonderful nutrition.



Quaker Oats

The most perfectly balanced food.

QUAKER OATS, LTD., FINSBURY SQUARE, E.C.2. 191

Fill up your Free Fire Insurance forms—see page 16.

JOHN BULL

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXV. No. 661. **Week ending Saturday, February 1st, 1919.** **Twopence.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The King's Ale.

We are glad to learn that since the signing of the Armistice the King's veto upon beer and wine for his table has been revoked. A teetotal Royal Palace for Britain is unthinkable.

South Africa.

All is not well here. And the sooner we settle the fate of the late German Colonies, the better. Our mail bag last week was very disquieting. Perhaps the transfer of Lord Milner to the Colonial Office has something to do with it.

The Russian Bolshevists.

Surely it is a mistake to invite these fanatics to any kind of Peace Conference. Unlike the Sinn Feiners, they consist almost exclusively of an ignorant and barbarous rabble.

Austen's Bad Start.

The new Chancellor of the Exchequer has begun badly, with what savours strongly of a bit of sharp practice in connection with the new War Bond issue. And the House of Commons will not be in the mood to countenance any more mistakes on his part.

General Townshend.

Now that everybody connected with the War is receiving honours, may we just whisper the name of the Hero of Kut, who, despite terrible handicaps from the Home authorities—and we know what we are saying—nearly achieved the impossible?

The Modern Nero.

During the Easter rebellion in Ireland, four years ago, Mr. Balfour, who had just been superseded in the leadership of the Unionist Party, went off to Cannes—to play tennis. And we observe that he is at it again in Paris. Was there ever such a political Nero?

Travelling Facilities.

Really the Government must come to the rescue of workers going to and returning from business. Both with the trains and the 'buses the present position is scandalous.

Railway Fares.

No wonder our suggestion that the 50 per cent. increase in railway fares should now be abolished has met with universal approval. Now then, Sir Albert Stanley!

Postal Charges.

And whilst we are about it, why not return to pre-war charges for postal, telegraph and telephone services? Even before the war, our own railway and telephone rates were much heavier than those prevailing in other European countries.

What is This?—

We have received from a soldier, about to return to civil life, the Demobilisation Card which has been handed to him—and we find this imprint: "*Printed in Germany by Fr. Massing, Zülpich.*" Are we dreaming—or "is visions about"?

The Poor Clergy.

Apropos of our recent appeal on behalf of the poor clergy, several readers suggest that the Archbishop of Canterbury might head a list of subscriptions out of his £15,000 a year—with a Palace thrown in. But perhaps the Palace swallows most of it!

Panto. and JOHN BULL.

"It is surprising," writes a reader, whose business brings him in contact with most of the provincial theatres, "to what an extent JOHN BULL and its Editor are introduced into almost every pantomime, and nothing goes better." We must try to live up to it.

"P. B.'s" Vindication.

We want to know something more about the mystery of the divorce suit in which, just before the election, Mr. Pemberton Billing was made co-respondent—to be dismissed from the case immediately afterwards. Meanwhile, our congrats. to our Hon., if erratic, friend.

That "Mandate."

Bear these figures in mind when, on the reassembling of Parliament, you hear all about the People's Voice. There are 20,000,000 electors in the United Kingdom. At the General Election only 9,690,109 voted—5,096,233 for the Coalition and 4,593,876 against it! And the Coalition has a majority of over 250 in the Commons!

"Joyful News."

Such is the title of a doleful journal which gets mentally drunk over the glorious prospect of this country following the example of America and becoming a "dry" State. If ever we do, the fault will be entirely that of "the Trade," said to be the best—but really the worst—organised industry in the country.

Coroners' Inquests.

Isn't it a farce—if the word can be used in connection with such a tragedy—that all the proceedings of the prolonged inquest on Billie Carleton should have to be gone over again at the Police Court, and then, in the event of a committal, again at the Central Criminal Court? That is another little matter we must take in hand.

A Good Maxim—

We came across a good French maxim the other day—"Everyone to his job, and the cow will be well looked after."

And a Short Story.

And that is a fine "short story" which is being told just now—"Once upon a time there was a German navy." That's all.

A League of *Notions*.

We observe that, three weeks after this inspiration came to us, dear old Dagonet of the *Referee* has been moved in the same way. Mental telepathy again.

Why Not "M.P."?

Many readers are asking why we do not add these letters after our name on the cover of this journal. The answer is simple; we did not go back to Parliament to exploit the position.

Montenegro.

By the way, why isn't poor little Montenegro—the first of the Balkan States to throw in her lot with the Allies—invited to the Peace Conference? Has she already been "cut up" politically, as well as literally?

Watch Canada!

Canada is very dissatisfied with the part allotted to her in the Peace Deliberations. And we cannot just now afford to displease her. We know something.

The "Middle Classes."

All sorts of "leaders" are being nominated to the new Parliament. Who will champion the down-trodden "middle" class?

Teats for Germany.

There is irony in the appeal of German mothers for teats for their children. Let them suckle those breasts which were cut off French and Belgian women by the Hun savages.

The "Hidden Hand" Film.

Next week Bexhill, at the St. George's Cinema, and Carnarvon, at the Playhour will have the opportunity of seeing how the war was engineered by the enemy in our midst.

An "Ill Wind."

Our Free Fire Insurance scheme is causing considerable alarm amongst the big Companies, several of which are already "beginning to feel the draught." When all our readers avail themselves of the offer—particulars of which will be found on page 16—there will be a perfect hurricane. It will, however, blow some good by saving the public many thousands of pounds in premiums.

Cheek and Chicks.

"Invalided soldier, woman, or elderly man wanted to look after poultry and chick-rearing; 15s. weekly." The advertiser disguises himself in the *Annandale Herald and Moffat News* under a box number. In offering such a wage he has evidently more cheek than chicks; and on applying for the situation applicants should ascertain whether he can really spare the money

The Young Women's Careful Association.

The Y.W.C.A. says that "much has been done—much remains to do." Last year two members of the W.R.A.F. arrived at Taunton at 10.30 p.m.; *en route* for Langport, and found the last train to Langport had gone. They were directed to the Y.W.C.A. On arriving at the Red Triangle they were told that only "permanent boarders" were taken. And so the poor girls were turned away without even a recommendation to a safe lodging-place. Oh, yes! *very* "much remains to do."

Outrage to the Dead.

The body of John M'Fadden, an ex-soldier who is alleged to have been killed by another ex-soldier, was at the Armagh Infirmary. It was without any covering—despite the fact that a *post mortem* had been held. In this condition it was dropped into a coffin supplied from Coleraine, and taken to that town. So terrible was the state of the body that the dead soldier's relatives were not allowed to see it. Who is responsible for this shocking outrage? Is that the way to treat the remains of one who has fought for us?

The Reapers.

There's nothing like leather—except meat. Our private opinion is that meat is short because everybody has been soleing his boots with it, and leather is short because everybody has been eating it. However that may be, behold the beatific vision of the American Meat Trust showing £20,000,000 profit on the last balance sheet as compared with £4,500,000 in 1914; and contemplate the profits on boots and things announced by Lennards £97,218, against £61,407 the previous year. Would anybody like to start another lovely war?

Army Blankets.

There is an easy way of preventing Army blankets from getting into wrong hands and of putting them into the right ones. It should be ordered that every soldier, when he hands in his bedding, have the option of buying at a fair, fixed price any one of his blankets, other than those of the brown official pattern. This plan would save profiteering, knock-outs, and sale commission, and at the same time offer the soldier a bargain he would gladly accept. A similar plan might be adopted with regard to his boots.

Our Soldiers' Dogs.

To enable our soldiers to bring home their dogs from active service, legitimately, and incidentally to protect the country from the dangers which may attend dog-smuggling on a large scale, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals appeals for financial help. The Society asks for £20,000, which will be spent on the animals' transport, the erection of suitable kennels for the six months' quarantine, and the provision of food. We admit that £20,000 is a large sum; but a hundred thousand dog-lovers will make it small.

G.P.O.'s Graciousness.

Following our kick against the G.P.O. for the measliness of overtime pay for messengers—3d. an hour ordinarily, and 4d. on Sunday—we are glad to announce an increase of another 3d. an hour all round, with back money made up from November 1. The G.P.O. is to be congratulated on its spryness in taking our gentle hint.

Shocking!

From information received, Mr. Balfour, the Foreign Secretary, is doing his best while in Paris to shock the clergy and imperil his chances of going to heaven when his earthly task is o'er. He plays tennis *on Sunday* with Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P., and we shall be exceedingly disappointed if the Rev. Mr. Stigg[illegible] does not preach a special sermon about it. We shall presently hear of their having inveigled Mr. Lloyd George into a game of Sunday golf.

Money Sent to India.

The going astray of registered letters containing money sent to India seems to be becoming a very bad habit, to judge from the complaints that come to us. One from Hampshire relates to £5 sent under registered cover to a soldier just over twelve months ago, but never received by him, though it appears to have arrived in India. The Post Office reports, every now and then, that its enquiries "are not yet complete." It seems pretty well high time they were.

Personification.

As many or more village Nonconformists as Churchmen have fallen, the Nonconformists of Thorpe-le-Soken want the War Memorial to be erected in a public place or in the churchyard. No, says the Vicar; the Parish Church or nowhere for our people; "it is open to our Nonconformist friends to erect memorials in the Chapels," if they please. Besides, he argues, the Church folk would give more money—so that settles it. Where do some of these professional Christians get their Christianity?

Good Men of Colour.

Four men of colour, British subjects from Jamaica, came over here in Government employ, working on transports. At this date they have been signed off, and find themselves stranded. The shipping companies refuse to employ them; one, offering to pay his own passage, was denied to be taken. He was offered an out-of-work donation, but he is a white man under his skin, and despises accepting money not earned. To us it seems the plain duty of the Government to give these men work that will take them home again. A British subject of good character demands fair treatment, whatever his colour.

Bless the Baby Hun.

What, we take leave to ask, has the Women's International League done for the British baby? Our inquiry originates in the fact that this philanthropic cult is appealing, through Lady Barlow—wife of the Pacifist ex-M.P. for Frome, who met with so signal a defeat at the election—for £5,000 to supply Hun babies with feeding-bottle teats. £2,000 has already been gathered in. We suggest—failing the idea put forward on another page—she should collect the other £3,000 from Herr Wilhelm Hohenzollern, ex-Kaiser. He it was, don't forget, who wrote to the old Emperor Joseph that women and children and old men must be put to fire and sword. Hun babies, no doubt, are essential to the Hun. British women prefer their own.

Wanted, a Living.

Is there anybody with a living on his hands which he doesn't know what to do with? In the early days of the war a reverend Cambridge M.A., now a Lieutenant in the B.E.F. serving in Italy, enlisted as an example to the young men of his parish. At 46, and after receiving three "scratches," as he calls them, he is without a spiritual job to go to. We imagine he is the right man for the right place.

Very Free Trade.

A reader, in the boot business, openly confesses he used to buy German laces in other days. He has now been offered some "which have just come in," and avers they are undoubtedly of foreign make. It would be of interest to know their exact place of origin, but in any case the incident proves how ready the "foreigner" is to capture our market once again. Our glorious Free Trade continues to bid him welcome.

An Iniquitous Fee.

For some wild reason perhaps known to the authorities, quite a number of soldiers have to provide copies of their Birth Certificates before they can be demobilised. When they line up at Somerset House for the paper, they are confronted with a demand for the usual fee, 3s. 7d. It is an expense they should never be saddled with. The certificate is required by Government, and Government should issue it free—not as an act of grace, but of right.

Official Cruelty.

Another case of callous indifference to the feelings of an unmarried mother is reported from the Isleworth Infirmary, attached to the Brentford Union. The mother of a baby dying in the Infirmary was actually an inmate of the Workhouse, yet she was never informed of the serious turn the child's illness had taken, and it was not till the poor mite had been dead three days that the mother received the sad tidings. Whose was the neglect?

Death and Delay.

The telegram was to a father, calling him to his dying son. Handed in at Sunderland on Wednesday at 2.30, it arrived in Birmingham at 2.59, but was not delivered until 9 o'clock the following morning. The distressing consequence was that the father was unable to see his boy alive. Delay in a message of such import is monstrous; its very wording cried aloud for immediate attention from sympathetic officials. It is only fair to say that things were different in pre-war days, at least in London.

Our Cover Design Competition.

A very large number of drawings were submitted, many of equal merit. After much consideration we have decided to divide the £100 equally between the following ten competitors:

Pte. E. A. Adcock, No. 81668, 9th Batt. M.G.C., B.E.F., France; Mr. Thos. J. Boad, 102, Aughton Street, Ormskirk, Lancs.; Mr. J. Hayden Fettes; Mr. S. W. Ingold, R.N.R., Trawler Section, H.M.M.L. 420, c.o. H.M.S. *Queen*, c.o. G.P.O., London; Mr. Arthur E. Johnson, 9, Hawthorn View, Chapel-Allerton, Leeds; Mr. H. Letter, 45, Warner Place, Hackney Road, E. 2; L.-Cpl. Reg. Moon, 222195, V.R. Depot, R.A.S.C. M.T., Kempton Park, Middlesex; Mr. Ernest Smith, 10, Settrington Road, South Park, Fulham, S.W.; Mr. E. A. Stevens, 10, Trinity Road, Upper Tooting, S.W., and Mr. J. H. Wiseman, Ellesmere, Beeston, Leeds.

Cheques for £10 each are being posted accordingly. Will Mr. Fettes please send his address?

An Evil Path.

It is a so-called thoroughfare, stagnating between Dundee and Perth Roads, Plaistow. It is a dumping-ground for refuse, and its broken, muddy surface always provides a big puddle. The pathway has an objectionable and dangerous stench, but, as it is private property, the West Ham Council disclaims any responsibility for this abomination in its midst. If the Medical Officer would walk the path on pattens and holding his nose, he would realise the need for spurring the owner to action.

Anybody Know Them?

Information wanted about the "Peace Time Labour Supply," of 192, Bow Road, E.3. They advertise inviting "respectable girls, also mechanics, turners, fitters, etc., wanting employment" to write enclosing stamped envelope. If you write you get a form to be filled up and a request for "2s. 6d. towards our office expenses, as we charge no fees." The phrase is curious; but we shall be more than pleased to hear of many applicants who have been suited through this agency—which is not registered under the Business Names Act, as it should be.

Now Then, R.H.S.!

At Southerndown a soldier patient from Dunraven Castle went out to bathe, and got into difficulties through the incoming tide. His cries for help were answered by an ex-soldier, John Thomas, also a hospital patient. He, fully clothed, plunged in to the aid of his fellow-man, reached him at risk of his own life, and brought him safely out of danger. After first-aid was rendered, the nearly-drowned man recovered. John Thomas, invalid and hero, lives at Treherbert, and his gallantry has been reported to the Royal Humane Society, so far without result. Materials for medals may be scarce, but are those little bits of vellum very expensive nowadays?

Our Railways.

Everybody is grousing about the railways and the manner in which the Board of Trade bosses them throughout. "Recently," growls a reader, "I travelled three times from Camberley to Waterloo, taking each time well over 2½ hours to accomplish the distance of 35 miles. The long waits on draughty platforms or in fireless waiting rooms for the unpunctual, slow, and terribly overcrowded trains, the appalling waste of time and the extortionate fares, added to the wearisome fussiness of hordes of ticket-clippers, examiners and collectors, have made railway travelling in this country a misery and a penance." And so say all of us. The railway passenger lives only to be bluffed, badgered, blistered and bled.

"Tommy Rot!"

Miss Margaret Bondfield, a notorious Pacifist and the Organising Secretary of the National Federation of Women Workers, avers it is "Tommy Rot" for anyone to pretend that we can "make Germany pay," and at the same time "keep out German goods." At least we can try. Germany can sell her goods to herself and her friends; we don't want them dumped here any more.

Hard on the Newsagents.

"Dora" is a long time dying. The "No-Returns" Order—by which a newsagent has to sell (or keep) all the papers supplied to him—was no doubt useful in its day, but there is no shadow of reason in retaining this arbitrary rule any longer. Human nature being what it is, the public have not learned—and never will learn—to buy the same papers, at the same place, at one time, and for all the time. So poor Mr. Newsagent is left "in the cart" with useless stock on his hands. Bitter is his wail—and there are 30,000 of him in our islands. The Paper Controller should cancel the obnoxious Order at once.

No Judge of Glasgow.

Appearances suggest that Judge Davidson, of Glasgow, is no judge—no judge of Austrians, at any rate. Having convicted one Rosenfield, an Austrian, "of having in a house at Gorbals assaulted a man by striking him on the face and knocking him against the fire, whereby his arm was severely burned," the Judge inflicted the small fine of two guineas; and when the Police Superintendent applied that the man should be expelled from the country as an undesirable, the Judge refused to make the order. Rosenfield has therefore further opportunities of enjoying himself in Glasgow.

Out of Date.

As we said the other day, Sir Jabez Edward Johnson-Ferguson, of the Springkell Estate, Annandale, has very high and mighty notions of his rights as a landlord, while occasionally, it seems, Lady Johnson-Ferguson takes a hand. At any rate, her Ladyship lately appeared as prosecutrix in a case against a farmer who was accused of trespassing in pursuit of hares. As the Sheriff of Dumfries most justly observed, it was "a very small offence"; all it amounted to was that the farmer was entitled to shoot ground game on his own property, but that in working with a ferret he, or someone with him, had stumbled on to the adjoining farm, the tenant of which had no shooting rights. For this little mistake the defendant was fined £1 and £2 5s. costs. Evidently Sir Edward Johnson-Ferguson has forgotten the century he is living in.

Wright and Wrong.

The question is: If young Wright had been the son of a labourer instead of the offspring of Calvin Wright, Chief Special Constable of Grimsby, would the summons against him for riding a bicycle on the footpath have been dismissed by Mr. G. S. Letten and brother Magistrates? We should have thought his father's notable connection with the law made the case more marked. But you never know; and the fishing trade is very great at Grimsby.

Not His Fault.

Perhaps Dr. Richard Davies, of Cheltenham, means no harm. It appears that when a disabled soldier called upon the Doctor to sign his pension papers, he was received with a storm of grumbling abuse, all the alleged sins of the Pensions Authority being visited on his defenceless head. In a subsequent letter Dr. Davies explained that his protest was "against the Government arrangements which throw a large amount of unnecessary work upon medical men." The justice of this complaint may be admitted; but to "take it out" of the pensioner was mean and unfair.

Inasmuch as Ye Did It——

Two months' hard labour—at Gateshead! That's all! And for what? For sheer devilry. For worse than murder. The father, Thomas Stephenson, with the step-mother in the background, holds his little girl under the scullery tap and lets the water run over her naked body. She is found by an Inspector with a thin counterpane as her only covering. A doctor who gave evidence says that two out of the three children are nothing but skin and bone, and the youngest, a boy of six years, is suffering from bronchial pneumonia. And yet the man was earning good money. If he had stolen a loaf he might have got as severe a sentence. But what do little children matter?

Ruddy Tape.

A sporting outfitter at Birmingham wanted to import from America three dozen wooden decoy "ducks," not readily obtainable in this country. The Board of Trade had no particular objection, but there were certain formalities to be observed. First of all there must be an application to the Department of Import Restrictions for leave to purchase the goods in the U.S.A.; then from the same Department a permit for their importation must be obtained and finally there must be an application for steamer space to the Ministry of Munitions. Meanwhile, the Board of Trade must be informed of the number of packages, their gross weight, the name of the vessel carrying them, and the ports of dispatch and entry. "Lor love a duck!"

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

It *cannot* be true we're to meet in discussion
The filthy and bloodthirsty Bolshevik Russian.

With crowns at a discount, King Manoel sees
In the Portuguese throne but a seat of disease.

The Strike Demon raises his hideous head—
An Ogre we've very good reason to dread.

They'll ne'er settle Ireland, try all that they can,
Until the adoption of Bottomley's plan.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P.

DEAR PREMIER,—Not a moment of your precious time would I waste, but I feel it my duty to draw your attention to the hard lot of many small tradesmen whose businesses have been ruined by the war. I see that the French Government intend to include such losses in their claim against the Huns, and to my mind there is much to commend this example. The argument applies with special force to men who have lost their businesses through serving with the Colours; and I hope I may soon have your authority for stating that their claim to redress will be honoured in full. JOHN BULL.

To the President, Grocers' Federation.

DEAR SIR,—My attention is drawn to the fact that the Grocers' Federation has "lodged a protest with the Food Ministry in regard to the decision allowing ration-book holders to change retailers." I am not surprised. Those retailers who have profiteered and bullied and affronted and tricked the public naturally don't like this change in the situation. But it is a long worm which has no turning.

JOHN BULL.

To E. E. Palmer, Esq., J.P., Yarmouth Police Court.

SIR,—You were clearly in the right in declining to convict those two soldiers charged before you with stealing coal to the value of 1s. 9d. The case was very plainly stated by the Chief Constable. "A great quantity of coal was being taken," he said, "the reason being that the men had no fuel in their billets." He had laid information against the defendants, "not so much to punish them, as to bring it home to the military that this stealing of coal must cease." In these circumstances it would have been most unfair to make the men responsible for an offence which, but for the neglect of the military authorities, would never have been committed. I hope I may hear no more of this scandal. JOHN BULL.

To G. Shipsall, Esq., J.P., Managing Director, Pearl Assurance Company.

DEAR DIRECTOR,—I observe that for the year 1918 your Company registers a premium increase of £750,000, a result upon which you very properly "congratulate the staff." However, as times are hard, and "fine words butter no parsnips," I should be glad to know exactly how much of the added profit accruing it is proposed to share with the agents and collectors. These hard-working fellows have been none too well treated since the war started; if you mean to do the fair thing by them, now's your chance.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. G. H. Roberts, M.P., Minister of Food.

DEAR FOOD CONTROLLER,—It is very nice to have a big loaf for ninepence, but when we learn that bread at this price means a Government subsidy of £60,000,000 per annum, some of us begin to wonder whether it couldn't be done for less. I am all for the "cheap loaf," which is better than cake or biscuits; however, if this modest luxury is to cost us more than a million a week, it may be as well to look round and see if we haven't made a mistake somewhere. You are new to your job, of course, and I wouldn't hurry you for worlds. See what can be done. JOHN BULL.

To Inspector Armstrong, South Shields Police Force.

DEAR POLICEMAN,—Your idea is apparently that when you say a prisoner has done something wrong, the Magistrates should thank you for telling them, and hustle the accused off to gaol without listening to anyone else. The other day you got quite huffy because the Bench demanded corroboration of the story you had told them, the idea of anyone questioning your statements being more than you could stand without a nasty show of temper. The fact is, my dear sir, you have mistaken the nature of your office. Perhaps you ought to have been Lord Chief Justice, but it happens you are not.

JOHN BULL.

To the Clerk of the Axholme Food Control Committee, Epworth.

DEAR SIR,—I sympathise muchly with you about you getting that bad meat for making beef tea for influenza patients. But what beats me rather is that the meat, which was "not really fit for use," was given away to the "poor people who were ill." If the giving of rotten food to poor people who are ill is your idea of charity, God help the poor in the Isle of Axholme! JOHN BULL.

To Sir Chas. Fielding, Director-General of Food Production, London.

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—As I think you mean well I wish you no harm, but will you be kind enough to cease sending to me your reams of gab and guff, mainly about the weather during the preceding few days, under the guise of a weekly news service? I do not want it to print; I do not want it to burn, and I do not buy fried fish and chips—so if you will please keep it at home the country will save, as I calculate, at least 3½ yards of paper every week. Kindly accept this (the only) intimation. JOHN BULL.

To the Town Clerk, Marylebone.

DEAR SIR,—I shall probably not be far out if I assume you were the actual prosecutor, at London Sessions, in the charge of stealing against Clarke, Grantham and Hayes, the celebrated Marylebone dustmen. 'Pon my word I cannot understand why, when a dustman picks over the treasures of a Marylebone dustbin, Bodkin, K.C., is put-up to prosecute him for stealing, and when the Marylebone Council do the same thing and sell the proceeds for £4,682, Bodkin, K.C., isn't put-up to accuse *them* of stealing. I shall be told, perhaps, that the £4,682 goes in relief of the rates. Well, there are thousands of ratepayers in Marylebone, and if you can prove it has relieved one of them a ha'porth you can come and collect my dust.

JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" PARLIAMENTARY BUREAU.

SOME MORE GRIEVANCES CALLING FOR REDRESS.

The civilian no less than the service man feels that in "the Member for Tommy and Jack" he has found a welcome champion.

Now that hostilities have ceased we expect to be able more easily to obtain the necessaries of life as well as its comforts. The reverse, however, seems to be the case. Certain commodities, such as cheese, bacon, etc., are, as many correspondents complain, if anything more difficult to procure than ever, whilst it seems that there is every likelihood that the price of tobacco—already at a figure almost prohibitive for the poor man—will go up in the future rather than down. It is common knowledge that large stocks of food are available, and it is obviously the duty of the Government to see that an increased supply is put on the market, and prices thus reduced.

Soldiers and ex-soldiers have their grievances too. Among other matters brought to our notice is the War Office decision that no promoted officer shall receive a gratuity in respect of his service in the ranks. The injustice is apparent when it is realised that the years spent as a "Tommy" are, in most cases, the more arduous.

The War Office is considering the granting of an increase of a 20 per cent. on ordinary war pensions, to meet the higher cost of living, but this "bonus" is to be denied to long service soldiers. Many "Old Contemptibles" feel the injustice keenly. The grants are to be given to men enlisted in the New Army voluntarily *or compulsorily*, and to all ratings of the Navy, whether the men were sailors before the outbreak of war or have joined since for the duration of hostilities only; but nothing in the nature of an increase has been promised to the "old soldier." His case should certainly be ventilated.

Following a paragraph in a recent issue, one or two complaints have come in regarding the new ruling of the Civil Service Reconstruction Committee. A man who was in 1914 preparing for an examination (Junior)—age limit 18-19½ years—joins up. Now, after four years' service, he desires to sit for the examination, but finds the age-limit for Junior appointments has been put up to 18-22 years. This rule, of course, excludes the men who were more than 18½ years old at the outbreak of hostilities.

It is suggested that there is an urgent need for something in the nature of a Government Enquiry Office—a Department at which one could ascertain precisely what Official Department should deal with a given subject. The "man-in-the-street" is naturally quite at a loss in such a matter, and is usually bandied about from one bureau to another, as no one seems to know who should attend to him. An "index" would save much time and temper.

"Jack" desires us to ventilate his grievances, too. Mr. Winston Churchill, when First Lord of the Admiralty, promised the Navy a special medal to commemorate their first big victory. Now it seems that the award will probably take the form of a "paltry bar to the General Service Medal." Mr. Bottomley is looked to to do his best to induce the Admiralty to carry out the promise of their Minister, "even if the decoration should be made of gunmetal from the surrendered German ships."

THE WRECK OF H.M.S. *IOLAIRE*.

MYSTERY OF THE APPALLING DEATH-ROLL.

Some mystery still attaches to the loss of the naval leave ship *Iolaire*, which foundered off Stornoway Harbour on New Year's Day, the loss of life being some 270 of the 300 men on board. There was a fairly strong wind when the vessel left Kyle, and it increased somewhat during the night and the next morning, but the sea was not exceptionally rough. There was a crisp frosty air, and it was a bright star-lit night. Earlier reports of the weather conditions exactly coincide with this favourable estimate, and it would appear therefore there was promising scope for successful lifeboat operations. As regards local life-saving equipment, the indications, unfortunately, are less satisfactory, and among seafaring men there is a disposition to blame the policy of the Admiralty in leaving the rescue arrangements on this dangerous coast entirely in the hands of the National Lifeboat Institution. The secrecy imposed by war conditions makes it difficult to obtain exact information; but, according to the latest official statement available, there was only one sailing and rowing lifeboat to serve the needs of the Minch Channel and the Hebrides—and if this was actually the full extent of the rescue equipment at this point, it is not difficult to account for the terrible loss of life involved in the wreck of the *Iolaire*. We happen to know that the glaring deficiency of lifeboat equipment at Stornoway has from time to time been the subject of strong representations to the Admiralty. However, presumably a Court of Inquiry is to be held, and in that case it will be for Whitehall to explain why these warnings have gone unheeded.

THE RELEASE OF THE—BUTTERFLY!

But when is the dove coming out of the Ark?

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND CREWKERNE.

SCANDALOUS UNDERPAYING OF A POO-BAH

The Crewkerne Fair and Markets Company, Limited, have advertised for a "Caretaker for the Victoria Hall and to collect the Market tolls." Applicants received a stylographic "flimsy," giving the duties of the post. They are these: "You are to keep Victoria Hall, anterooms, lavatories, staircases, landings, entrance-hall, furniture and windows (inside and out) clean. To find all brushes, dusters, black lead, matches, etc. When hall engaged to get same ready and to be present from opening to closing, and see same locked up." After swallowing that mouthful you feel inclined to pause and wonder what the rest of the civilian population are doing. The screed goes on: "To look after monthly auctions, or oftener if held, and to take account of stock. The auctioneer's man will clear up the yard" (we should shay sho!). Then comes the Fair. You will "mark out ground in the town, and let the same. The Directors will make all arrangements in the Fair field." So you see that the Directors are doing something for their money. "You will also collect all tolls in the town at the Fair (except for Market Square, North side of Victoria Hall and Church Street)." You will "collect twopenny tolls on Saturdays, and keep the Market Square clean. As a makeweight you will "see that no vehicles or standings are allowed on the Company's private ground in the square, without having first paid the toll to the Secretary." The notable person who is to carry the Crewkerne Fair and Markets Company, Limited, on his back, will also fill ye ancient and honourable office of Town Crier, and will be expected "to see that the Company's rules and regulations are carried out by any hirer of the Hall, and by all the Company's tenants." Then you close the eyes, take a long breath, and wonder what the wages can be for such a Poo-Bah! You glance at the end of the circular, and then you faint. For the Company offers for these tremendous services the measley, microscopic, paltry sum of "about ten shillings a week"! And find your own swear words!

UNCOVERING A MANTLE RAMP.

BOUNCING BAGMAN AND WORTHLESS GOODS.

A commercial traveller exploiting the Home Counties just lately is a man to be avoided. He purports to represent, and he uses the billheads of, The London Wholesale Mantle Co., Sole Proprietors, L. Berney and Son, 1, Cochrain Street, St. John's Wood. This "Company," we may say at the outset, is not registered under the Business Names Act, and has thereby committed an offence. When the wily bagman sprang upon a victim in Dunstable, he performed some remarkable feats with a couple of gas mantles. An upright one he coiled round his finger; in an inverted one he made a dent, and, by blowing into it, restored the thing to its proper shape. He represented his wares as practically unbreakable, and described them as of metal filament. Hundreds were being sold, he said, by a big firm, at a shilling or more apiece, and the Dunstable man, impressed, paid 8s. 6d. for a dozen. Afterwards, when too late, he discovered them to be absolutely worthless. A fair and careful test of the articles resulted as follows: An upright one, placed in position on a gas bracket, practically melted away when the match-light only was applied to it, the gas not being turned on. The inverted mantle did survive ignition from the match, but, when the gas was turned on and the heat became sustained, the asbestos ridge cracked, and the whole thing collapsed. The Dunstable man had been done. A far more serious report comes from Aldershot, where the bagman unloaded upon a shopkeeper a gross of them—and drew £9 19s. 6d. And his dupe declares, "The mantles are worthless"—a remark profoundly true. Further, this traveller appears to have secured a trade card from the dealer, promising to have labels printed from it. Instead, he used it to impress other tradesmen in the town and so misled and beguiled more innocents. Shopkeepers all over the country will do well to beware this too smart bagman, this persuasive trickster who twists a mantle round his finger, for he may also twist *them* round his finger unless they promptly show him the door.

MR. STUTTLE SCUTTLES.

A SEQUEL TO "PHILANTHROPY AND BUSINESS."

A fortnight ago we criticised the constitution of the British Costumiers' Association, Limited, nominally formed for the advantage of discharged men of H.M. Forces. Our criticisms have been abundantly justified. The Training Department of the Ministry of Pensions and the Ministry of Labour had deputed representatives to enquire into the scheme, but they were completely misled by E. J. Stuttle, the prime mover in the whole affair. Although Stuttle secured the financial support of several eminent men genuinely anxious to promote the welfare of discharged soldiers, he was careful to see that the scheme was controlled by a Company, in the constitution of which there were no safeguards for the interests of "our gallant heroes." So slack were both the Ministries that they were wholly unaware of this fact. It surprised them—it did not surprise us—to learn that after our reference Mr. Stuttle forthwith scuttled. The Secretary of the British Costumiers is now anxiously waiting for Stuttle to settle somewhat heavy accounts. Several other persons are also desirous of meeting Stuttle face to face. The immediate moral is that Public Departments should exercise more caution in countenancing philanthropic-*cum*-business enterprises, particularly where the discharged soldier is concerned.

MAKE WAY FOR THE BOCHE!

BRITISH PASSENGERS SENT INTO A RAILWAY VAN.

Passengers arriving on the platform at Liverpool Street Railway Station the other day with tickets to Norfolk *via* Lynn were told on taking their seats that if they wished to travel by that train they would have to go into the van, as the carriages were "full of square heads." Observation showed about six or seven Huns comfortably ensconced in each compartment. The passengers in the van included an invalid soldier, and another man going home after fighting on three fronts. All had to stand during the journey of three hours to Dowcham, where, on the German prisoners alighting, the van passengers were allowed to enter the compartments. The smallest thought on the part of the railway and military authorities ought to convince them that to humiliate British people in this way for the comfort of the hated Hun is an outrage on British patriotism.

FATTED CALF FOR CONCHIES.

FROM PRISON TO TEACH CITIZENSHIP TO WORKMEN.

When is this sort of thing going to stop? J. G. Trevena, the Secretary of the N.E. District of the Workers' Educational Association, is a young man. He is also a "Conchy." Rather than help his country in any way he went to gaol. As soon as he came out, the Executive Committee of the Association welcomed him back with loud trumpets and open arms. This made local patriots angry. And, first at a meeting of the District Executive Committee and then at one of the Central Executive Committee, an attempt was made to have the "Conchy" chucked out. In vain! So a few days before Christmas a resolution was brought forward at the quarterly meeting of the District Council. And there the Chairman ruled that it was out of order. It is perfectly plain that a number of the people concerned in the education of the workers up at Newcastle think a "Conchy" is just the sort of man to organize their education. Having served his time in gaol while brave men died for him, he comes back to instruct the brothers and sons of those men in "the duties of citizenship." Yes, that is one of the subjects to be taught! It would be laughable if it were not so tragic. And this case does not stand alone. "Conchies" are being taken back everywhere into soft jobs, while ex-soldiers wait in queues outside Labour Exchanges, and men still in khaki see their chances of employment growing unbeautifully less.

THE TRAGEDY OF A GIRL-MOTHER.

STORY OF THE PITILESS WORKING OF A SHAMEFUL AND CRUEL PRISON SYSTEM.

By Charles Palmer (*Assistant Editor*).

Verdicts of "Natural causes" were returned at inquests held at Holloway Prison on Ellen Sullivan, 17, and her child, who died in the hospital. The Coroner said that the mother was in prison on remand, on a charge of using bad language. She was in good health when admitted, but subsequently gave birth to a child, which died. Dr. Spilsbury stated that the child died from congenital defects. The mother's death was due to diabetes.—"The Star," 22nd January, 1919.

BEHIND this brief and cold paragraph of death in birth lurk Tragedy and Shame—the tragedy of a young life sacrificed to the shame of an inhuman prison system. Let me tell the story with such restraint as is possible when labouring under a sense of burning indignation that, in these humane days of the 20th century, the grip of the law will not relax even at the call of motherhood, nor rules be administered with some regard for the claims of family affection and the needs of a dying girl. If when I have done there does not go up from the millions of readers of John Bull a cry for a root and branch reform of the regulations which make such tragedies possible, then I altogether mistake the feelings of those who read these revelations.

Innocent in the Eyes of the Law.

Ellen Sullivan, aged 17½, was arrested with two other girls for larking and using bad language outside the Euston Music Hall. There was nothing against her character; she was unknown to the police, she had never been "in trouble" before. Brought before Mr. Bros at the Clerkenwell Police Court, she was remanded for a week. Let it be remembered, in view of the pitiable events which followed, that Ellen Sullivan was not a convicted prisoner. If she had been, she might have been alive to-day. She was in law an innocent girl, found guilty of no offence. But she was something more deserving of tenderness and consideration. She was to become a mother. What more natural in the circumstances (and seeing, too, that arrested on a Saturday night she was allowed bail until her Police Court appearance on the Monday) than that her poor mother, who knew of her condition, should make appeal to the Magistrate to give bail so that she could offer the comforts of home to this slip of a girl in such a condition? Mr. Bros refused; why, we have yet to learn. He waved aside all pleadings, insistent though they were, by declaring "She will be well looked after in prison."

Well looked after! Note the sickening sequel. Ellen Sullivan vomited from the time she was placed under the tender care of the prison rules. Although "in good health when admitted," she rapidly grew worse. The degrading circumstances of imprisonment, coupled with the effect of her surroundings, upon one "with child" might have softened even the stones of Holloway Gaol. But life may hang on a thread, a new life may be hovering on the threshold of a cruel and heartless world—what matters? There are the Rules; they must be obeyed. To anyone with a spark of pity in his composition the condition of poor Ellen Sullivan would have suggested some softening of the cruel rigours of Holloway. To send her home would have been the first thought; failing that, removal to the comparative comfort of the prison hospital, where skilled and constant attention would have been hers. But there is a real ward only for the convicted criminal. You see, poor Ellen was neither convicted nor a criminal. And so for her the solitude and silence of what with splendid irony is called the Remand Infirmary—the prison "hospital." This infirmary, let me tell you, is simply a row of cells—each cell with a gate of iron bars over which is shut a door with a grating through which you can peep at the unhappy patient within.

And it was in one of these cruel cells, with concrete floor that the vomiting girl was locked for days—until death gave her escape. That cell can be seen by the Home Secretary, whose duty it is to put an end to this scandalous condition of things. I wonder what the jury summoned to enquire into the death of Ellen Sullivan thought of it; and I wonder why, as men and fathers, they did not add a scathing rider to their ridiculous verdicts, "Deaths from natural causes." Ellen lay on a bed placed facing the cage bars and the door. Her only means of summoning help was by leaving her bed and going to the door, by the side of which is an electric bell. What happened? The unhappy prisoner, locked in solitude for days, rapidly grew worse, and in the middle of the night when the wardress came round she found Sullivan out of bed and a newly-born baby girl lying on the concrete floor faintly whimpering its breath away. Picture it for yourselves; all the agonies of maternity, with no one to comfort, no skilled hand to relieve the pain—17½ and a mother, in a prison cell because she dared to "lark" in the streets, and because in the opinion of Mr. Bros, Stipendiary Magistrate, there was no reason for bail.

The Tragic Sequel.

But the catalogue of prison callousness does not end with the life and quick death of the prematurely born. The unhappy girl is in extremis, her distracted mother, who is permitted to visit her, sees this and begs to be allowed to remain with her daughter. The girl in her prison bed could not bear the thought of being locked in alone. She begged her mother to arrange with the wardress to see that the key was not turned. Even before the birth of the child her pleas were piteous: "Don't let them lock me in, mother," she moaned. But Ellen Sullivan had been high-spirited and noisy in the streets; she may even have said naughty words; she was in the grip of the law, and innocent though she was until proved guilty, the hand of the prison turned the key upon her and her "secret" known to magistrate, doctor, and wardress alike. Poor wardress—I pity her as the instrument of so much inhumanity!

But now the six months child is dead. Ellen Sullivan is dying; the doctor has placed her on the "danger list"—her end is near. Unlock that grinning door; let in humanity and the mother; make amends, bring comfort and solace in those fast ebbing hours. Yes! the mother can come in, but only for 20 minutes. She has the girl's aunt with her—ah, that reduces the visit to ten minutes each. Ten minutes, and the clock of Death is running down! "But my child is dying, I know it, I can see it. Let me stay," pleads the mother. "No, you can only have two minutes more!" is the cold retort. She was graciously permitted to return later, and arriving at the appointed hour, was just in time to see the poor girl breathe her last.

Is it too much to call this a tragedy and a shame? A young life sacrificed; Death under cruel and agonising conditions. The shame of a system which makes such a story possible, which twice refuses bail that the child mother might be nursed at home, and commits her to the cold care of a prison cell grotesquely called an infirmary, and even when Death is waiting to unlock that barred gate on which an inhuman system turned the key, not even the "prisoner's" mother is allowed to sit by the bedside and hold the hand of her child as she passes to the Great Beyond. If there is anyone immediately responsible for this tragedy and shame, then an example ought to be made; if from Magistrate to Ellen Sullivan all were victims of cruel and shameless Prison Regulations, then let Parliament, which is to make us an England "fit for heroes to live in," make us a prison fit for innocents to die in. Personally, I cannot believe that the Clerkenwell Magistrate has ever been in Holloway Remand Infirmary—if he has, then I strongly deprecate irony from the Bench when health and life are involved.

Pitiful Appeals to Deaf Ears.

Not once, but twice, did Ellen's mother make appeal to Mr. Bros that she might take her child home. The initial attempt at rescue was when she was first charged; she was remanded for a week—when the day came for her reappearance the prison doctor, who knew she was likely to become a mother, sent word to the Magistrate that the girl was "unfit" to leave the cell. Again Mr. Bros was asked to order the release of Ellen—she would get better more quickly if she were at home—and again Mr. Bros refused to grant bail, repeating his vain assertion that "She would be well looked after in prison." There was yet another appeal—this time to the prison doctor, when the mother realised that her daughter was getting worse—to order Ellen's release. But the word was with the Magistrate, and he had given it in favour of the "prison infirmary"—the "hospital" as the newspaper reporter describes it, in his meagre and formal report. Even if Ellen Sullivan had done all and more than the police constable deposed on the first and only time she stood in the dock, it would have been an outrage to keep her in prison so long for so trivial an offence. If Ellen had been a woman of fashion—and such do "get across" the police occasionally—she would have been given bail, even though she could not adduce what should have been the unanswerable plea of imminent motherhood. But if the law really believes that when it gets into its clutches monsters like poor Ellen Sullivan it should not let them go, then in the name of decency and humanity let us be done with such a travesty as the Remand Hospital at Holloway. How many other Holloways there are in this civilised and liberty-loving land of ours God alone knows. But John Bull now knows of one, and demands that this sordid insult to the sick and the suffering shall be cleared away, like an unholy slum.

CLUTCHING THE MONEY-BAGS.

COMMITTEE DEALING MISERLY WITH DESERVING.

There is a body of gentlemen bearing the imposing title of the Stockport County Borough (Naval and Military War Pensions) Local Committee. Its name seems the most full-blooded thing about it, for its awards in the matter of Civil Liabilities carry chaff appearing to the outer rind. In one case it announced "the Committee have decided to make a weekly grant of 1s. 8d." This ungenerous sum was allotted to a soldier's wife with seven children, the birth of the seventh child being the occasion of her ceasing to work, thus causing her to apply for the relief so scantily awarded. Twenty pence weekly to help her in such need! In another case a soldier's wife had to leave work because she is expecting to become a mother. Her actual "liabilities" were a home she had made for her husband—thinking he would be discharged after wounds—including rent and instalments due for furniture. Her allotment was 12s. 6d., and latterly her husband has allowed her a further sum of 7s. out of his pay. To her the Committee appear to have turned a deaf ear, after asking "did she expect them to lend her money to pay her rent?" and "what had she done with all the pounds she had had?" These "pounds" have not, at any rate, come from the Committee, for not a penny has been granted her—not even so much as 1s. 8d. in a week. We would not ask the Stockport Committee to throw away the public money, but we urge them to a little more kindly consideration of really deserving cases.

A LAND GIRL'S FATE.

NO COMPENSATION FOR SHOCKING INJURIES.

An 18 year-old girl of the Land Army, working on a Worcestershire farm, met recently with a shocking accident. Failing cheap lodgings in the village, the girl and her companion had to shift for themselves in a scantily furnished cottage, returning there each night after 9½ hours heavy labour with not an ounce of decent comfort to reward their toil. In keeping with the general slovenliness of the surroundings, there were no blinds to the windows, and on the night of the accident the poor girl was trying to hang up a dressing-gown at her bedroom window when her smock caught fire in the candle-flame and she was horribly burned. It is feared that she may be permanently injured in health, and her wage-earning capacity materially reduced. In our view the injured girl has a right to claim compensation from the Board of Agriculture. Clearly she and her companion were disgracefully housed, with no one to look after them at the end of the long day's work, and not the most elementary provision for their comfort. The question of how far the farmer was to blame for the hardships suffered by his girl workers may call for investigation, but primary responsibility rests with the women's branch of the Food Production Department, who were responsible for the girl's welfare. Already, the authorities have behaved with incredible meanness. They decline to pay the poor girl's expenses at the nursing home to which, on the advice of the doctor, she was removed at the time of the accident. These charges, it seems, are to fall on the parents, who are in poor circumstances. When the child seemed to be dying and the mother wanted to visit her, the Food Production officials declined at first to furnish a railway warrant. All they are willing to pay is 12s. 6d. a week, and that, the mother has been informed, is for a few weeks only, probably a month "at the most." Clearly the case must be taken out of the hands of the Worcestershire County Branch of the Food Production Department and referred to some higher tribunal for humane and equitable decision. How can the authorities escape liability, having received this young girl from her parents and treated her in this scandalous way?

The Postman brings THREE NEW SOUPS for 6d.

CREAM of CELERY

A delicious white cream much appreciated by all who know what real Celery Soup should be.

SCOTCH BROTH

Made just as genuine Scotch Broth should be made—from meat, pearl barley and vegetables.

HOTCH POTCH

A rich brown Soup, thickened with rice and vegetables. Making a substantial and appetising dish.

All users of Foster Clark's Soups and everyone else should buy these three new kinds. They are extraordinarily good, and each one makes four plates of rich nourishing Soup. If you cannot get them from your Stores, we will forward the three on receipt of sixpence in stamps.

(Dept. 19) FOSTER CLARK, LTD., HART ST., MAIDSTONE.

Foster Clark's 2D SOUPS

"YOU WON'T BE LET IN"

if you cover your floors with Catesbys Cork Lino. This Lino has created widespread envy and a deep impression. Its great worth forces it into favour, and that it is the best floor covering that can be got is fully allowed by all who have tried it. You cannot get it anywhere else; that is, if you want the best Cork Lino. Ours is genuine throughout, and takes no one in, for we only tell you what it actually is. Neither does it take in dirt and dust as other coverings do, and as it needs no scrubbing it saves the wife from an unpleasant task. It is on Sale on Easy Terms without reference or security, or you can take 2s. in the £ discount by paying cash. Write at once then for Coloured Designs, Prices, and Samples and whatever you buy will be sent carriage paid.

CATESBYS Ltd.
(Dept. 19), Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

Easy Terms

If it's reliable, good-looking Furniture you want, try "CATESBYS." Write for Furniture List 19, Catesbys Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

Furniture WRITE TO US

CATESBY

We supply reliable, stylish made-to-measure Suits on Easy Terms. We have "made" for thousands. Let us "make" for you. Patterns, money-back guarantee, and style-book post free.

CATESBYS LTD. (Dept. 19), LONDON, W.1.

SUITS

SIR EYRE CROWE.

AN IMAGINARY INTERVIEW.

Acting on information received, the Interviewer lost no time in following Sir Eyre Crowe to Paris, whither he, the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War, had lately gone to assist in the preliminaries for the Peace Conference.

Shown into the presence of the Permanent One, the Interviewer gazed for a moment on the object of his journey, placed his hands upon his hips, threw back his head, caught it in time, and laughed aloud.

"What the —— who the ——?" stuttered Sir Eyre, starting up angrily from his seat.

"Keep your Eyre on," retorted the Interviewer genially. "Temper, like ginger, is the better for being preserved. I was merely overcome for a moment by the thought of your anomalous position. Positively Gilbertian!"

"*What* is?" demanded Sir Eyre savagely.

"The idea of the son of a German mother and the husband of a German wife being employed on behalf of Great Britain in arranging the preliminaries and formulating the terms of peace with Germany," said the Interviewer pointedly. "Is it fair to your mother? Is it kind to your wife?"

"Oblige me by refraining from dragging my domestic relationships into this conversation you have forced upon me," requested Sir Eyre loftily.

"Certainly——provided you swear not to let the thoughts of them influence you in your work here," was the Interviewer's quick retort.

"The mere suggestion of such a possibility is an insult!" shouted Sir Eyre indignantly.

"I don't know," murmured the Interviewer musingly. "I am not so sure. I am a married man myself. I know something of the wiles of women and the corroding effects of the curtain lecture. But my wife, I am happy to say, with all her faults, is an Englishwoman and a hot patriot, whereas your good lady——"

"Will you leave Lady Crowe out of it?" roared the Permanent Under-Secretary.

"Er——Will *you*? *That* is the question," was the Interviewer's smiling rejoinder. "You see, in view of your responsibility for the Declaration of London, which in the early stages of the War operated entirely to the advantage of Germany, it is manifestly absurd for you to get up on your heels and try to work the Cæsar's wife stunt. What cannot be denied is that part of your blood is German, and that your 'better half' is German also. Therefore, people are asking 'Has Sir Eyre Crowe the British cave at heart?' Pardon the inevitable pun."

"Bah!" ejaculated Sir Eyre testily.

"That is a sheep's retort," said the Interviewer reprovingly. "You must do better than that if you would convince the British Public of your fitness for your present task."

"The British Public!" sneered Sir Eyre. "So far as I am officially concerned it does not exist. I am a *permanent official* sir! Irremovable, irreplaceable, a fixture."

"Make no mistake," warned the Interviewer. "There is no Government bureaucrat so firmly seated that an explosion of public feeling might not hurl from his chair."

"Pish!" returned Sir Eyre testily; "I have the Prime Minister's confidence. That is enough for me."

"But not enough for the Prime Minister," observed the Interviewer. "*His* great need is the confidence of the British Public. Will he retain it if he employs in responsible and confidential positions officials tainted with close German associations?"

"That is *his* look out," sneered Sir Eyre. "Prime Ministers are transient. They come and go. But *I*, barring such accidents as death or retirement, go on for ever!"

"To borrow the artless phrase of one of your late chiefs, 'Wait and see!'" retorted the Interviewer, as he took his leave.

THE CAT BEG

A Wilson-Lloyd George Compact?—Germ

By THE

WE are getting on. The bag which Mr. Wilson brought over from America is beginning to open—and the cat is peeping out, preparing to jump. And whilst my journalistic colleagues are hysterically hailing the proceedings of the Young Men's Debating Society called the Peace Conference, and applauding the ponderous platitudes of the speakers as the quintessence of inspired wisdom, I—with an entire "lack of imagination," I suppose—propose to administer a cold douche of Common Sense to the delegates, and ask, in plain, uncultured, vulgar language—"What's the game?" I have before me the Agenda and the Resolutions of that open "Plenary" sitting of the Conference of Saturday last—and I'll sum up the situation for you in a few words.

Committees, Commissions—and Camouflage.

There they are—those three words express it. Up to the present the Conference has decided precisely nothing. And the Armistice was signed on November 11th! All that has so far happened is that a series of Committees and Commissions are to be formed to find out: (1) who was responsible for the crimes committed during the war, and how they should be tried; and (2) how much Germany can pay *in the way of reparation for damage done*; to inquire (1) into the "international aspect" of Labour problems, and (2) into the "international régime" of ports, waterways and railways! Never a "divil of a word," you observe, about those German Colonies, or Indemnities for the Cost of the war! It appears Britain has agreed to leave the first matter to be determined in the distant future by the League of Nations—which, I forgot to mention, it was resolved should be formed—to be "open to every civilised nation which can be relied on to promote its objects"—whilst, as regards Indemnities, there has apparently been a compact with President Wilson, as I hinted last week, that we should swop them for the "Freedom of the Seas"—as to which the Agenda and Resolutions are eloquently silent; and that's as far as we have got! In the course of the next few weeks, no doubt, the cat will jump right out of the bag; but happily by that time Parliament will be reassembled, and we may be able to catch hold of its tail. It isn't a very great outcome of the first "Plenary" sitting, is it? By the time the League of Nations has been established—*and its voting power agreed upon* (don't overlook *that* point)—and by the time the Commissions have found out how much Germany "can" pay, and have identified the war criminals and set up the machinery for their trial, and have solved the international aspect of Labour, and the "régime" of the world's ports and waterways and railways—whatever the "régime" may mean—you and I, *and the ex-Kaiser*, will probably be in our graves; whilst a stately monument will have been erected to the memory of Mr. Lloyd George—"the man who won the war"! It's a strange world!

Germany Must Disarm.

In the meantime, the German army is intact—and its officers are openly boasting that it is not yet beaten. They are, indeed, already projecting a variety of expeditions "on their own"—into Poland and elsewhere! Surely, while the Conference is deliberating and "inquiring," it should be a distinct term of any extended Armistice that Germany should lay down her arms—leaving the Allies to keep things in *statu quo* by means of an adequate Army of Occupation. As it is, while the public mind is being attracted to all this Paris junketing, the enemy, on the other side of the Rhine, is practically left to his own devices. We have sent soldiers to Cologne and other border cities; but, for some reason I could never understand, the Allies have shown a tender regard for German territory—which the Hun naturally mistakes for weakness. He knows, and we know, what he would have done if the boot of victory had been on the other leg. To-day we should have seen an army of occupation in Paris—even the streets of London would have resounded to the clanking spurs of the jack-boot. The Hun understands Might; he has no respect for Right, unless it can be enforced at the point of the bayonet. And it is by might we must bring him to his senses. As I have said—and it must never be forgotten—we were robbed of full military triumph by the politicians. Foch and Haig would have brought the enemy to his knees, whining and beaten, if for reasons never yet made clear the Armistice had not been hurried on, to spare him the full and crippling humiliation of a crushing defeat. There was only one paramount safeguard which should have preceded all the subsequent parleys with the foe and all the idle comings and goings at the Peace Conference. When Austria asked for mercy; when Bulgaria came cringing to the Allies, the answer was clear and strong—Unconditional Surrender. Germany, on the other hand, was permitted to escape the full penalty of the Allied victory—she retired, as Hindenburg claimed with something like justification, with head high and territory untouched. And now to-day we see the result of the politicians' inferference with the rightful task of the soldiers. The enemy is growing more and more arrogant. His armies are being well organised, and Hindenburg is rattling the sword in its scabbard once more—figuratively putting his finger to his nose, as he looks across the Rhine and sees what is going on in Paris. The Armistice has been prolonged; the foe is given a further period of grace, and we still wait to see the Allies demand the disbandment of the German army.

Making Ready to Fight.

From the information which reaches me, I have no hesitation in saying that disaster may come unless the forces which the Kaiser used in his mad and wicked scheme of world-enslavement are promptly and effectively broken up. The Germans are massing for an assault on Poland—that great but unhappy land which at last is free from the hoof of the invader. The brutal Uhlan, who in the early days of the war actually reached the outskirts of Boulogne, is to-day being fêted in Berlin as he marches on his way to attack the long-enduring people whose independence the Allies have guaranteed. Protests have been made, and Germany answers with insolence. Ever ready with pretext and excuse for aggression and savagery, the enemy, whom we are assured we have defeated, makes impudent answer, pretends that persecuted Poland is herself the persecutor, and flouts the protests of the British Government—claiming her right to answer "provocation and arrogance." The statesmen who asked for the votes of the British people for the men who had "finished the war" must by now realise how cruel a deception they practised, and their dupes have a right to demand that the war *shall* be finished in real earnest. What is the use of sending a civil and military mission to Poland while Hindenburg is massing his men for conquest? The German army—or that great part of it which Foch and Haig would have smashed to smithereens—is a menace, and a growing one. Unless the Allies take immediate action there will be grave danger of further fighting. Instead of wasting time in devising methods to feed the Hun, the Allies should make up their minds—and that speedily—to disarm the Hun. To toy with the dream of a League of Nations while the enemy is still strong for mischief, is to toy with the world's security—to play the fiddle while Rome is burning. And, incidentally, I would remark that the intention of the British delegates to leave the future of the German Colonies to this chimerical League, "in order to avoid taking up the time of the Conference," is another betrayal of British interests. I should like to know what South Africa and Australia will say to this amazing surrender to a body which does not yet exist—of whose composition we know nothing, and which we may ultimately find is ruled as much by the vote of Liberia and Nicaragua as that of Canada and Australia.

That Blessed League.

We appear to be living in mad times indeed. But, I repeat: the maddest of all things is to centre attention on the mysterious doings in Paris and forget what is happening in Berlin. Who *does* rule in Germany? Certainly not the new Government about which our newspapers are speculating with so much waste of effort. Hindenburg is still *the* man; it is the soldier who has made answer to the request of the Danzig Town Council to "preserve to the German Empire our old German Danzig and the province of West Prussia." And

EGINS TO JUMP!

Germany Must Disarm—Ireland; the Only Way.

THE EDITOR.

this is the reply of the head of the so-called defeated German army: "I shall do everything in my power to prevent the town being torn from the German Empire, and the German inhabitants may rest assured that I have long since taken the necessary steps for the protection of the menaced province. The prime condition for success is the firm will of all Germans to stake everything and to be ready for all sacrifice for the protection of the country." Does that sound like the language of defeat? No, it is the tone of a man conscious of the strength behind him—who arrogantly proclaims to the Allies his determination to use that strength "for the protection of the menaced province." And yet the Paris Conference, instead of facing the realities and finishing off the enemy for good and all, is wasting time in amiable discussions and academic debates, shaking hands over Sunday afternoon dreams of the Millennium, ignoring all the Essentials, side-tracking the dominant demand of the Allied peoples and of the British Empire for full Indemnities, and generally forgetting the enemy in delight at its own "accommodating" methods. You see the new move—when in doubt or disagreement pass it on to the League of Nations, and so flatter its author, the great far-seeing President of the United States.

Ireland—The Only Way.

And now, whilst we are settling the future destinies of practically all the countries of the world, what about Ireland? Of course, I shall be told that she is part of the United Kingdom and does not call for separate treatment. *United* Kingdom, forsooth! Neither historically nor geographically is Ireland, taken as a whole, any less a separate nation than many of those for whose rights of "self-determination" we are at present contending at the Peace Conference. It is quite useless blinking that fact. And unless we avail ourselves of the present opportunity of making a final effort to remove this ever-festering cancer from Britain's side, we shall stand self-condemned before all the world as both hypocrites and fools. If the General Election has demonstrated one fact more than another, it is that upon the democratic test of "the Will of the People" "Ireland" stands out as overwhelmingly anti-British and bent on national independence. There is, however, this distinction between her case and that of other small nations. There are *two* Irelands, definite and distinct. There is a North Ireland and a South Ireland—a Protestant and a Catholic Ireland—a prosperous and a poor Ireland—a British and an anti-British Ireland. And this dual People, for all practical purposes, is divided by a fairly definite geographical boundary—the malcontents on either side of which have only to change places to bring about a complete division in national, religious and economic life. Let us just glance for a moment at the result of the recent Election, in what I will call the two Irish capitals—Belfast and Dublin. I take simply the votes recorded for the Unionist—that is to say, the pro-British—and the Sinn Fein, or anti-British, candidates, as the fairest test of public opinion; consequently, I ignore the Nationalist vote altogether, although it certainly could not be regarded as in any true sense pro-British. And what do you think is the total? In Belfast I find that 94,987 votes were recorded for the Unionist as against 12,006 for the Sinn Feiner—a pro-British majority of nearly eight to one. On the other hand, in the Dublin Divisions the Sinn Feiner polled 53,449 as against a Unionist poll of 2,755—or an anti-British majority of nearly twenty to one. What about the doctrine of self-determination after that? And we must remember that, though we call them rebels and all the rest of it, many of the Sinn Feiners are men of education and culture, their leader, de Valera, being himself a distinguished professor of mathematics, and having associated with him professional men, civil servants and other persons of position and substance. On the other hand, when we come to the North, we find the same attributes attaching to the Unionist leaders. How, then, are we to deal with the situation?

The Case of Belfast.

But for the fact that there are these two Irelands the answer would be extremely simple. Recognising the verdict of the polls and remembering our professions of policy, it would be the obvious duty of the British Government to shake hands with Erin and bid her good-bye. But are we entitled to cast off the loyalist of the North when taking leave of the South? I am persuaded that to do so would be a crime, and I therefore look for a practical solution which would not involve us in such an infamy. As there are two Irelands, so must there be two Irish Governments—the one subordinate to, and the other independent of, the British Parliament. In other words, Belfast must have her local House of Commons and Senate, subject in all things to the veto of the Imperial Government; and, being still an integral portion of the Empire, she must have the protection of our Navy and our Army and must share our fiscal and financial policy. And her internal frontier, having been carefully defined, must be adequately guarded. But before this new system is set up an opportunity must be afforded for every Sinn Fein resident in the proposed British area to change over to the South, should he desire to do so. Thereafter such area should be known as British Ireland.

Sinn Fein Ireland.

And then, coming to the South, there is no alternative open to us but to recognise the almost unanimous demand for independence. We must assume that the Sinn Feiners have carefully weighed the pros and cons of complete separation, and that they are prepared to make and administer their own laws, to raise their own revenue, to settle their own fiscal system, and to protect their own shores without the aid of Great Britain or of British Ireland. And those living in the South who wish to come under the Northern Government must, of course, be afforded an opportunity of doing so; and whilst we are about it, we should release and return to Ireland all Sinn Fein political prisoners. And I would even go further and, for the sake of peace and goodwill, would offer a big Imperial grant for the re-organisation and improvement of the agricultural industry of Southern Ireland, so that the inhabitants should have every opportunity of working out their destiny without bitterness of feeling in their minds. And who shall say that, after a period of experiment under the new order of things, the day might not arrive, at no far distant date, when, all the sores having been healed, Southern Ireland would join hands with the North, and we might be able in truth—instead of, as now, with our tongues in our cheeks—to speak of "the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland"? I suppose I shall be told that *something* of this kind has been proposed before; if so, it has escaped my notice. And I say, frankly, that I see no other solution of the present deadlock. Failing its acceptance I am afraid that Great Britain, the Mother of Parliaments and the pioneer of freedom and liberty throughout the world, will have to confess herself beaten in regard to a domestic problem—which means, of course, drenching the fair land of Ireland in seas of blood, and at the same time letting loose forces of anarchy and revolution whose evil influence might, in the present electric condition of the atmosphere, soon spread eastward over the Irish Sea. Hadn't we, therefore, better seriously tackle this job at home before talking about the affairs of Siam, Liberia, Haiti—and Timbuctoo? In God's name, don't let us usher in the New Era with this confession of failure on our conscience. After all, Ireland is well worth a mighty effort. We might be such good friends. The Irish character, especially in the South, is warm and generous, and full of the sporting instinct. If the Priests are against us it is because the Priests are of the People, and, being of them, they are for them. Don't let us condemn the Priests. Rather let us try to win them over. I am sure it could be done. *Anything* can be done with an Irishman—if only you treat him in the right way. I notice that the Allies are inviting the Russian Bolsheviks to a Conference. Why not try a similar experiment with the Sinn Feiners? Properly proffered, *and proffered by the right person*, I believe it would be accepted. At any rate, there could be no harm in trying. Ask de Valera and his friends to talk matters over. Have a few bottles of "the cratur" on the table—drop swank and humbug; talk as men to men, and all would be well.

God save Ireland!

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Remember Folkestone :—The men of the 339 R.D.C. at Oswestry are seething with discontent, and we have advised them to mark time until their complaints are considered. This hint ought to be sufficient for the O.C.

"Sparks" :—At Westerham there is a Wireless Experiment Staff of the R.A.F. They are full of grievances, which we have investigated and fully endorse. The place is rotten. Will somebody look into it?

Army of Occupation :—While our boys were fighting in France they were well fed. Now they are living on short rations, whilst some of the units tell us that they are in a deplorable state as regards personal cleanliness. It is simply scandalous that the boys should have to write home to their parents and friends to send them out food. Who is at fault?

More Trouble :—The Royal Warwickshires at Larkhill, Salisbury, are on their hind legs, and complain vociferously, principally concerning their food. The German prisoners guarded by the men are ever so much better off, and the orderly officer who is supposed to look into these grouses appears *non est*.

Quarter-Masters :—The Quarter-Masters have done splendid work for us throughout the war, and as a class they are excellent. They have many grievances concerning pay and other matters, and if the War Council wished to do so it could grant ready relief. We fully recognise, however, that in such a matter the Council has to contend with the permanent official and the Treasury.

Kicking :—We recently denounced the cadging on the part of the men at dispersal camps, the demand for backsheesh being made in the most impudent way. The authorities thereupon issued an Order forbidding the disreputable practice. In at least one centre there was something approaching a mutiny because the men could no longer fleece their demobilised comrades. The fellows who "hold up" the boys who are going out are mean hounds, but if the War Office increases their pay we shall certainly not stand in their way.

"JACK."

"Exit Free and Flowing"?—It is believed that the familiar bluejacket's uniform, commonly known as the "free and flowing" rig, may disappear as one of the results of the Jerram Committee. Service opinion has long been divided on the subject of retaining it, and the public for sentimental reasons would be sorry to see it go. But it is unquestionably out of place on board a modern ship of war.

Naval Officers want 75 per Cent. :—The claims put forward by the officers of the Navy before the Jerram Committee represent an average increase of 75 per cent.—and it is devoutly to be hoped they will get it. Fancy, it would bring the salary of a lieutenant commanding a destroyer up to about ten pounds a week! Nothing short of a thumping percentage will meet the case, for the sweating of the Navy man has been our consistent national policy for a century.

From Lowestoft :—The trawler men at Lowestoft complain that they are not granted a rum issue, although the crews of the R.N. vessels get it. Another sore point is that they make catches of fish which are carried off in bags by unauthorised persons, the men who harvest the finnies not being allowed even a small fry. This is a matter for investigation.

Paying the Penalty :—Cadets and midshipmen may withdraw from the Navy if they so desire. The reason, needless to say, is *not* that the Admiralty intend to take more junior officers from the lower deck, but that during the war the subordinate ranks have been flooded from outside, leaving a tremendous surplus of very young men. Had the right thing been done in 1914 by promoting warrant officers, the position would soon have adjusted itself through their retirement.

Warn off the Outsiders :—What the Navy would be especially glad to know is that all invitations to temporary officers to transfer to the permanent list have been cancelled. This applies particularly to engineers, R.N., and paymasters, R.N.R. The engineering branch of the Navy was literally saved from chaos by its artificers, and it is a scandal that any outsider should be entered as an officer while one of these remains fit for promotion.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

A New Dodge :—The Ex-Minister of Pensions abolished the system of asking men the amount of their wages before pension was fixed. However, we have now before us the form MNX 60, which affects men who attend Medical Boards for the purpose of pension review. Paragraph 3 reads "Certificate of Employer—I certify that the above named pensioner is in my employ, and is in receipt of wages at the rate of——per hour," etc. We wonder what this means.

Broken Pledges! :—Now that the lads are returning home, many of them are turned down by the employers who in 1914 gave them enthusiastic assurances of re-engagement. There are signs of unrest in England, and the men who have been betrayed can hardly be expected to be quiescent.

The Railway Companies :—It is rather strange that some of our Railway Companies having termini in London are among the chief betrayers of the ex-soldiers. The men who manfully went forth to fight had often been refused re-employment, whereas the conscript taken in by the scruff of the neck is welcomed back—and in some cases even the dirty "conchy."

Turned Down :—Bugler Souter, of the D.L.I., after seeing two years of war, desired reinstatement in the service of Messrs. James Hearth, Hosiery Manufacturers of Leicester. He received the following reply :—"*Re* your old position. As everything has changed so considerably during the War, it is impossible for us to find employment for all those who left us to join up, and we regret there are a few that will be disappointed. We have done all that is possible to provide for the lads who are anxious to return to us, but find that positions such as you held we have not been able to guarantee. At the same time we will do all we can to assist you to obtain a situation." What have they actually done?

Trouble Ahead :—The A. V. Rose Company, of Hamble, near Southampton, have found it necessary to discharge men owing to "shortage of work." They fire the soldier who risked his life for themselves, and keep the cur who hid in a funk-hole to escape military service. Having kicked out the service man, they retain a butler, a coachman, and another fellow of independent means. Trouble is brewing.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."*)

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependants of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following :—

Desperation :—A soldier's widow has a heap of troubles. Following the death of her husband, one of her children was drowned. Her soldier son is still suffering from serious wounds; a daughter who had just begun to earn money is at home ill; seven remaining children were very poorly fed and clad, and the rent had not been paid for weeks.

Jack's Bairns :—A sailor's wife asked our assistance towards the payment of a doctor's long bill, she having had two of her four children down with bronchitis. She has had to stay home from work to nurse them, and cannot cope with the extra expense caused by their illness. Ordered into hospital herself, before going she was anxious to pay up arrears of rent. We eased her mind.

One of Many :—An ex-soldier has been ill for many weeks, owing to physical unfitness as the result of active service. He has a wife and five children depending upon him, and had nothing besides his pension. His wife is unable to work for long together as she also is delicate, and the family were in extreme need until their application was brought to our notice, and received prompt attention.

A Sorry Outlook :—A young soldier appealed on behalf of his mother, who is an invalid. Her husband has had a long illness, and is ordered away to the country, but they could not move in the matter until we sent them the means. There are three young children, who fared very hardly.

Another Invalid :—An old soldier has been confined to his bed for many months, and his wife has to stay from work to attend him. She has had to borrow money to pay her way, and she still had a doctor's bill, and many weeks' rent to settle, when she wrote us.

Further Cases Helped :—

Discharged soldier exhausted his gratuity; now out of work and no income of any kind.

Soldier's widow cannot provide clothes for her children, and consequently could not send them to school.

Wife of soldier died uninsured. Husband not in credit with regiment.

Sailor's wife has to take child to hospital, a long distance away; could not afford fare, as she has had to give up work.

Sad case of soldier suffering from consumption; wife and two children feeling sorely the financial pinch.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

Officers and Staff of Munitions Inspection Dept., Edinburgh, £8 6s.; C. R. (Sherwood), 2s. 6d.; "Soldier" (I. of Man), 5s.; "A Lonely Woman," 1s.; "In Loving Memory of Len," 5s.; "Members of the 'Bung Club,' H.M.S. *Abercrombie*" (per W. R.), £3 10s.; "Daughter of England" (Farnham), £1; M. E., 2s.; S. T. (Westoe), 1s.; H. R., 6d.; G. W. (Portland), £1; "A Scot," 9s.; "A Humble Offering," 5s.; R. M. W., 3s.; J. E. (Rhodesia), 9d.; J. C. (S. Africa), 6d.; "A L/Cpl.'s Wife," 2s. 6d.; M. W. (Clapham), 2s.; W. S. (Shanghai), 9s. 2d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; L. S. (Harringay), 7d.; Mrs. A. B. (Liverpool), 6s.; E. and E. (East Ham), 5s.; W. H., 2s. 6d.; M. H., 2s. 6d.; "Sweet Auburn," 5s.; "Halifax Reader," 5s.; A. H. (Hellingly), 2s.; Mrs. W. (Harlesden), parcel; J. W. (Sevenoaks), 2s.; A. L. E. (Notting Hill), 2s.; "Non Trade Unionist," £1; G. M. (Abergele), 5s.; "Grousers" (Newhaven), 1s.; C. F. F. (Nottingham), 5s.; J. O. B., 2s. 6d.; E. J. G., 1s.; W. P., 1s.; C. H. H., &c.; W. R., 1s.; F. H. (Wrexham), 1s.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; W. B., 5s.; "Yorkshire Tyke," 10s.; J. M. (Weeste), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. S. B. (Pretoria), 5s.; D. W. (Ipswich), 10s.; "Wanted—a Friend," 2s. 6d.; H. J. M. (Newton Abbot), 1s.; "A Scot," 3s.; A. G. (Leyton), 10s.; "A Grateful Mother," 5s.; T. H. (Bath), 2s.; G. A. L., Mount Ngwibi (15th contribution), £2; D. J. M. (Kowloon), £4 0s. 7d.; "A Tommy's Wife," 1s.; Cpl. C. L., 1s. 11d.; S. E. M., 1s.; K. M., 6d.; E. E., 2s. 6d.; "Dot" £2; W. B. S., 2s. 6d.; "Still Hoping," 2s. 6d.; J. McK. (Old Colwyn), 10s.; "A Reader of John Bull" (Walton), 2s. 6d.; "Little Clara," 10s.; "Ex-Prisoner of War," 10s.; European Members of Crew of s.s. *Megna* (per R. E.), £23 5s.; "A Bunch of 'Q. A.'" (Warrington), 1s.; W. T. (Port Elizabeth), 5s.; "W." (Cardiff), 1s.; R. S., 1s.; B. T. S., 1s.; D. M., 1s.; F. L. T. (Barry Dock), £1; "Tommy's Sister," 1s.; "160 Coy., R.A.S.C.," £2; R. D. (Ardwick), 15s.; "I. M. O. A. C., 5s.; J. W. B. (Birkenhead), £1; E. L. (E. Dereham), £1; H. M. (Parsons Green), 2s. 6d.; M. F. (Perth), 2s.; "Small Prize Winner," 1s.; "A Friend," 10s.; Mr F. V. St. Clair (profits on sale of songs, week ending 18.1.19), £13.

FAIR AND HONEST OFFER.

No Benefit—No Pay. Full Month's Supply for Fair Trial.

SEND NO MONEY!

To-day, and until such time as the offer may be withdrawn, readers of JOHN BULL can obtain a full month's supply of a famous natural remedy and pay for it only if benefited. If no benefit, then no pay. At the end of the month, after a fair trial, write, either enclosing 4s. 6d. (the modest price of the remedy), or to state that no benefit has been received. In the latter case, no money need be sent, for none is due—no benefit, no pay.

Now, this is a wonderful offer, and all the more wonderful when the great reputation of the remedy is taken into account. For it is not a new discovery, but something which has stood the test of time and has to its credit tens of thousands of successes. It has restored strength to the nerves, it has banished pain, it has given new life and youthful vigour to innumerable men and women.

IS THE OFFER GENUINE?

Well, if it were not, this announcement would not be allowed in the pages of JOHN BULL; but can it be otherwise than genuine? The proprietors send you the remedy and you do not pay for it unless it has done you good. You are the judge. Any misgivings surely should be on the part of the proprietors, who put their full trust not only in the efficacy of the remedy, but in the good faith of the individual.

An exception has to be made; that is, our inability to send the month's supply to those on Active Service. This is a regrettable necessity, but readers will understand that soldiers who are constantly on the move have not the facilities for carrying about the pint of solution which the packet of Vitæ-Ore makes; therefore a proper trial is out of the question.

MAKING GRADE I. MEN AND WOMEN.

This remedy which you are asked to try is called VITÆ-ORE. It is not a patent medicine, but is the residue of a natural healing spring, and has been tested and approved by medical men of the highest standing. Dissolved in water, VITÆ-ORE not only gives new health and tonic strength through its vitalising power, but has directly beneficial action upon many stubborn diseases. It has produced numberless cures in cases of:

Nervous Weakness, Debility, Dyspepsia, Neurasthenia, Neuritis, Anæmia, Rheumatism, and all "run-down" conditions resulting from Stomach, Liver and Kidney Weakness.

It is a powerful constitutional tonic. Headaches, pains in the back and special weaknesses of women vanish when VITÆ-ORE is taken. Men suffering from general lack of energy, who are easily fatigued, who are feeling the strain of the past four years, find rejuvenation in VITÆ-ORE. Girls who are bloodless and anæmic, pale, easily tired, derive the most wonderful benefit from it.

HIGH MEDICAL APPROVAL.

VITÆ-ORE, as already stated, has received high medical approval. The "Lancet" (the most important medical journal in the world) has stated, after analysis, that:

"THE CLINICAL RESULTS OBTAINED WERE SATISFACTORY."

As for public appreciation, the testimonials received would fill many complete issues of JOHN BULL. There is absolutely no doubt that VITÆ-ORE has proved a power for good. At this present time, when so many people are suffering from nerves and are "run-down," VITÆ-ORE is more than ever necessary. Why not take advantage to-day of the special offer which allows you a month's supply only to be paid for if it does you good?

Fill in or Copy this Coupon for Free Trial of One Month's Supply.

DO IT NOW!

To THE THEO. NOEL CO., LTD.
(Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C.4.

DEAR SIRS,—

I enclose 3d. for postage. Please send me a month's supply of "Vitæ-Ore," with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report results in 30 days.

The ailments which trouble me are:—

.....

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. (four shillings and sixpence) in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case YOU ARE TO CHARGE ME NOTHING.

Name .....

Age.....

Address .....

.....

Meat Dinners every Day.

Send out *now* for a pound tin of Ex-Ox; get down your cookery-book, and you'll realise how *EASY* it is to provide a substantial dinner—every day—that is nutritious, full of meat value, and economical.

Ex-Ox

"The Strength of the Ox."

The Extra Ration.

Excellent for culinary use—in soups, rissoles, fritters, "cutlets," etc., with the addition of bread crumbs or vegetables. For Household use, and for Restaurants, Communal Kitchens, Canteens, etc., we strongly recommend the 1-lb. tins, which are particularly economical, containing **8 times the tube's contents.**

Sold in 1-lb. tins, 5/-; also in vest pocket hygienic pure tin tubes at 1/-.

Grocers and Provision Dealers Everywhere.

Manufactured by The Ex-Ox Co., Islington, Liverpool, 1.

PLAYER'S
Navy Cut Cigarettes

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

PLAYER'S GOLD LEAF NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

IN TINS OF 100 . . 5/4 IN TINS OF 50 . . 2/8

PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

IN CARD BOXES OF 100—4/3 IN CARD BOXES OF 50—2/2½

These Cigarettes are also supplied at Duty Free Rates for the purpose of gratuitor distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital

Terms and particulars on application to—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

P693 Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

Something Distinctive

in the way of soap is Gibbs's Cold Cream Soap, famous for its softening and beautifying effects on the complexion since 1712.

By virtue of the Cold Cream, combined with the purity of all the materials used in the manufacture of this soap, it is not only a cleansing agent, but a skin food.

6d. per Tablet
of all Chemists.

Gibbs's Cold Cream Soap

Generous Trial Samples of Shaving Soap, Dentifrice and Cold Cream Soap sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps

D. & W. GIBBS Ltd. (Dept. 13)
Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1.
Estd. 1712.

IDENTIFICATION DISCS.

4/-

For Wrens or W.A.A.C.S., Tommies or Jacks.

HAND ENGRAVED with name and number and any Crest, complete with strap. These will last for generations as souvenirs. Splendid present for a Soldier or Sailor, or can be worn by ladies with their name and address engraved.

9ct. Gold .. 21/- Silver .. 8/-
Gold filled . 4/-

SIMS & MAYER (Dept. J.B.) Walter House, 82 Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2.

TINT YOUR **GREY HAIR** the proper natural colour with

SHADEINE.

The universal favourite. It is a harmless permanent & harmless. Always reliable. No unnatural tints.

Trial bottle 3d., post paid, 1/4 size 1/7; 2/6 size 4/-.
Of all Chemists, or direct from THE SHADEINE CO. Dept. J.B., 68 Westbourne Grove London W

Don't run risks—accept our Free Fire Insurance offer on page 18.

RACING NOTES AND ANTICIPATIONS.

By "THE SQUIRE."

WINDSOR FORM AND PROSPECTS—WHY NOT AN OFFICERS' RACE EACH DAY?

After a record meeting at Sandown we proceed to Windsor, where, however, the fields do not look like being very large. But the sport should be good, and recent running points to several winners.

Reverting for the moment to Sandown, it was a tragedy that MENLO, an old cast-off of Mr. Bottomley's, came to beat his own horse, MACMERRY, who would undoubtedly have won had the race been run faster and this splendid jumper given his head. I understand that that policy will be adopted at Windsor, when I entertain little doubt as to the result, although the horse will be meeting a different class of opponent altogether in the handicap for which he is to run. I am also of opinion that the Editor was unlucky not to have scored with CANUTE, upon which I am bound to say that, in my opinion, George Duller, for once, did not shine. I understand the horse will be given a rest till Lingfield, when it should certainly be followed again. WATERBED, as I anticipated, proved incapable of giving away the weight, and STAINTON, who was much more fit than when he met the champion a year ago, experienced little difficulty in beating him. CORYDON, despite his severe race in the match, ran extremely well, and will certainly pay to follow.

The jumping form generally is now settling down, and with four days' racing a week after the present month, we shall be right in the thick of it, and I hope to be the means of putting my readers on more than one really good thing.

By the way, several other matches are on the *tapis*, and the stimulus to this revival of sporting contests given by Mr. Bottomley looks like being extensively followed. Nothing is more exhilarating to watch than a straight match between two honest horses ridden by good jockeys, and I hope we shall see many such events in future programmes. I would also suggest that *every* day's card should include one military race for officers—a course which is universally adopted on the Continent. No form of racing contest is more popular, whilst surely after their splendid services in the war, our fighting men are entitled to a little relaxation.

And now, coming to Windsor, the following are my selections. I would, however, advise my readers to go carefully for another fortnight, by which time we shall have a fairly complete index to the form of most of the horses concerned in the winter sport:—

WEDNESDAY.

V.A.D. Hurdle Race.—CON CREGAN.
Paddock Steeplechase.—BATH.
Royal Handicap Hurdle.—IVINGTON.
Wrens' Hurdle Race.—CAROL SINGER; *if absent*, MONARD.
R.E.F. Steeplechase.—BERNSTEIN.
"Carry On" Steeplechase.—BERNERAY.

THURSDAY.

Montem Hurdle Race.—DIAZ.
Dorney Steeplechase.—MINSTREL PARK.
G.H.Q. Steeplechase.—MACMERRY.
A.S.C. Hurdle Race.—HARRY CRAG; *if absent*, WRECKER.
R.A.F. Hurdle Race.—IVANHOE.
"Over the Top" Steeplechase.—THE BORE.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DOVER EXPRESS" (advertisement):—
"GIRL WANTED; TO SLEEP ONLY; 9 p.m. to 8.30; no housework; payment and breakfast."

"ANSWERS" (recipe):—
"Take . . . four ounces of soft white sugar, and one WELL EATEN egg."

"PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS":—
"There was only sufficient accommodation in the Court for THOSE WHO HAD BUSINESS CONNECTED WITH THE INQUIRY. The JURY, relatives, WITNESSES, and Press representatives and the general public were NOT admitted."

"DAILY MAIL":—
"Machines . . . are now being delivered by British works at prices 100 per cent. lower—AND EVEN STILL LOWER—than German machines of the same kind."

"BRITISH CITIZEN AND EMPIRE WORKER":—
"This matter . . . must be taken in hand AT ONCE, IF NOT SOONER."

"BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL" (heading):—
"Date Fixed for HANGING Retailers."

"LEAMINGTON DAILY CIRCULAR" (advertisement):—
"For Sale . . . Poultry House, 15 ft. by 10 ft., holds 40 OWLS."

"GLASGOW EVENING NEWS":—
"The sitting of the Supreme Inter-Allied War Council lasted from 2.30 till 5.30 p.m. IN THE MORNING."

"NORTH-WESTERN DAILY MAIL" (advertisement):—
"Wanted, a Second-Hand CABIN TRUNK, roughly 34 FT. BY 20 FT."

Soldiers' Favourite Cigarettes

Direct from Factory to Soldiers abroad by post.

Order.		To B.E.F. France, Belgium, Italy and Germany.	To B.E.F. Egypt, Salonika and Mesopotamia.
Z.	280 WILLS' WILD WOODBINE cigarettes, 5's packets	4/8	...
Z.	250 WILLS' WILD WOODBINE cigarettes, 50's tins		5/2
V.	200 WILLS' GOLD FLAKE cigarettes, 10's packets ...	5/-	...
V.	200 WILLS' GOLD FLAKE cigarettes, 50's tins ...		5/4
T.	430 PLAYER'S NAVY CUT cigarettes, 10's packets...	10/-	...
T.	450 PLAYER'S NAVY CUT cigarettes, 50's tins ...		10/9
S.	430 WILLS' GOLD FLAKE cigarettes, 10's packets ...	10/-	...
S.	450 WILLS' GOLD FLAKE cigarettes, 50's tins ...		10/9
Q.	380 WILLS' THREE CASTLES cigarettes, 10's packets	10/6	...
Q.	400 WILLS' THREE CASTLES cigarettes, 50's tins ...		11/6
M.	500 CAPSTAN NAVY CUT cigarettes, 10's packets...	11/6	...
M.	500 CAPSTAN NAVY CUT cigarettes, 50's tins ...		12/-

Cannot accept orders for smaller quantities than above.
Above prices include postage, which ensures quick despatch.
Orders may be handed to any tobacconist or posted direct to

BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., LTD. (Ex. Department), Westminster House, No. 7, Millbank, LONDON, S.W.1.

Ingersoll

"RADIOLITE"

Watches tell the time day and night without the aid of artificial light.

You have to know the time at night as well as by day. Indoors—out-of-doors—at night—you want to know how long you have to train time—till bedtime!

Every night when you sleep you need a watch that keeps awake—that tells the time instantly, clearly, in inky darkness. Buy a 24-hour-a-day Ingersoll Radiolite.

The Radiolite hands and figures glow brightly as long as the watch lasts. You can always see Radiolite time.

Only Ingersolls are Radiolite watches, and

EVERY GENUINE Ingersoll WATCH HAS THE NAME ON DIAL

which is the guarantee of reliability and accuracy.

There is an Ingersoll Model for everyone from 60/- down to 15/-

Sold by thousands of shopkeepers throughout the Kingdom; but if your dealer cannot supply you, any Ingersoll model will be sent post free upon receipt of price.

Handsome Illustrated Catalogue sent post free.

30/-

Waterbury "Radiolite"
A jewelled watch, dependable in every way.

INGERSOLL WATCH Co.,
(Dept. 353), 170, Regent Street, London, W.1.

"John Bull's" Great Free Fire Insurance—see page 16.

One of Tommy's greatest comforts whilst in the Trenches has been Cailler's Chocolate. When he comes home, give him

Cailler's

COCOA

It has the Chocolate flavour

On the Doctor's Order

Numerous urgent requests for special treatment as regards supplies of Hall's Wine are still being received. One lady writes:

"Kindly send me a bottle of Hall's Wine. The doctor ordered it for my daughter as 'flu' left her very weak and with a terrible cough. The doctor told me to write."

Hall's Wine can only be supplied through Agents, and unfortunately, stocks are insufficient to meet the great demand.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE.

Where agents are out of stock the public are asked to have patience. Special arrangements have been made to meet the needs of patients for whom doctors prescribe Hall's Wine.

LARGE SIZE BOTTLE, 5/6

Of Wine Merchants, & Grocers & Chemists with Wine Licences.

SOLE PROPRIETORS: STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW, LONDON, E.3.

911

AN IDEAL FOOD.

"Jack Tar" Pilchards are a food of immense value. Caught in their prime, when the fish are plump and tender and rich in creamy fat, they make one of the most nourishing of dainty dishes—heat-creating and flesh-forming.

So exceptional is their food-value that the Government has given special facilities for shipping millions of tins.

Try "Jack Tar" Pilchards for supper to-night or breakfast to-morrow. But be sure to get none but the genuine "Jack Tar"—the brand with the fullest guarantee.

"JACK TAR" PILCHARDS

Sold in ones ovals; ones rounds; halves rounds.

Guaranteed by Angus Watson & Co., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Kidney Trouble

The plain truth testified for the benefit of others by grateful people cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Acute Kidney Trouble.

Mr. John Parker, 13, Armanda Street, Roundhay Road, Leeds, says, "For nearly five years I had kidney trouble in most acute form. I was sleepless, had no appetite and suffered intense pain. After taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets the pain soon went. I slept well, and now my health is splendid."

Dropsy and Heart Pains.

Miss Bushe, 4, Albion's Road, Kettering, says: "There is no doubt Dr. Cassell's Tablets saved my life. My kidneys got out of order, my arms, legs, face, and body began to swell all over. My heart was affected. I was in great pain. Nothing did me good until I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I gradually got better until I was quite cured."

Intense Backache.

Mr. W. H. Blake, 21, Arthur Street, Roath, Cardiff, says: "I suffered with intense pain in my back from kidney trouble. The pain was awful. I was too weak and ill to work. I was examined by X rays. Nothing did me good until I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. After a few doses I passed a stone, and then I gradually got completely well."

Write for full particulars of any of the above cases.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the recognised Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Wasting Diseases
Nerve Paralysis	Anæmia	Palpitation
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Trouble	Vital Exhaustion
Neurasthenia	Indigestion	Nervous Debility

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life, also after Influenza.

Home Prices: 1/3 and 3/-, the 3/- size being the more economical. Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the British Empire.

FREE INFORMATION as to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in your case sent on request.—Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester.

3/- for nothing—see "John Bull's" insurance offer on page 16.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, or LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"BLOSSI" (B.E.F., Belgium).—"Only got Ballot papers Jan. 1. Will soldiers be represented in the new Parliament?" Yes, we are your Member.

S. G. S. (Rugby).—With the dissolution of Parliament the Divorce Bill, like all other unpassed measures, lapsed. But we are on it!

G. W. (Sheffield).—The question of reprinting our war articles in book form is under consideration.

"SCOUT" (Wolverhampton).—Do not snivel because your war work has not been rewarded with the O.B.E. Neither has ours.

C. W. (Hull).—Instead of fining M.P.s £1 per day for each day they absent themselves during the Session, we think it would be more in the public interest to pay a large proportion of them £2 per day to keep away from the House of Commons altogether.

C. C. (Cardiff).—You take exception to our recent comments on John Dillon, late leader of the Irish Party. You may. For our part we are astonished at our own moderation.

"REGULAR READER" (E.C.).—"Why have the Kaiser and little Willy gone to Holland? Because there are two 'l's' in Holland—one for each." Fair, but scarcely hot enough.

E. A. A. (Catford) suggests that in the "Grand Military Pageant" next month the regiments taking part should be in their pre-war gala uniform instead of khaki, to make the picture pretty. Evidently he wants to revive comic opera.

V. R. (London, W.) hopes the atmosphere of the House "won't spoil our ardour in the reform of abuses." Whatever the atmosphere, we think you'll find us rather hot.

T. J. (Dunnington).—If the pensions don't go up we will at least do our best to get the prices down.

"MACWHEEBLE" (Dundee).—"Thou'rt as sweet as sunshine, as lovely as the rose." And yet you say the lines do not refer to us.

I. M. (Leicester).—"Did Henderson go to Russia, when a member of the War Cabinet, without his colleagues knowing the true nature of his mission?" The most likely explanation is that he did not know it himself.

"A YOUNG READER" (Plumstead).—"The maiden who ventures to kiss a sleeping man wins of him a pair of gloves." Just so: that's why in hotels we always sleep with the door locked.

C. V. S. (Bridgend).—Thanks for the reminder. Sorry to see that your nephew mislaid himself on the way to the House of Commons.

B. D. (Harringay).—As to getting married you may be sorry if you do, and sorry if you don't; but cheer up.

T. G. T. (Canada).—As you say, "President Wilson is likely to sit at the Peace Table," and if they don't soon get a move on, he's likely to wear his trousers out.

J. A. W. (Plumstead).—"What I want to know is when the railways are going to wake up." What we want to know is when travellers will be able to sit down.

D. P. (Beckenham).—Run away—don't be silly. Of *course* Germany can pay.

F. S. (Sparkbrook), referring to the City Coroner's recent remarks regarding the overlaying of infants, says "I shouldn't think he has never had any baby." *We* shouldn't think he never had, neither. "He's" don't as a rule.

N. E. (Willesden Green).—"Are you ever a-going to offer a Competition of Births and Deths for last year, as I am keeping an account of same." Impossible to "compete" over figures already published, so—not if we knows it, mum.

H. W. (Blackpool).—He found half-a-sheep, and was rewarded with 2d.? Sounds like a war bonus.

J. E. H. (Great Bridge).—"Allow me to suggest that there are dirty tenants as well as dirty landlords." We will.

"MONA'S ISLE" (Douglas).—It is disgusting that the Isle of Man teachers should take £5 from Von Bissing for the funds of War Charities.

W. F. C. (Leamington Spa).—"Do you think the beer we have been drinking has had anything to do with the flu?" No, but the beer we havn't been drinking might have had.

E. M. (Brighton).—"To settle a bet, what was the religious denomination of Charlie Chaplin at his birth?" A Unitarian, unless he was twins.

B. (Norwich).—We note that Mr. W. H. Cozens-Hardy, M.P. for South Norfolk, boasts that he has never read JOHN BULL. It has long been obvious that the Hon. Member's education has been neglected.

J. E. (Market Drayton).—"I enclose 5s. for you to give to your pet Animal Society." We have added it to our "Greatest of These—" Fund, believing in starting with the "higher animals."

THE HACKNEY MARSHES PROJECTILE FACTORY says that the bungle of inadequate out-of-work pay at Christmas was not its concern. The Labour Exchange made the arrangements, such as they were; the grant, such as it was, was made by the Ministry of Labour.

A. B. S. (Manchester).—Our view is that the State has quite enough on hand at present without launching out into Life Insurance. You are not thinking of leaving us yet, we hope.

H. R. (London, S.E.).—The next time you wish us good luck on a postcard, please affix the necessary stamps. We can get all the good wishes we want without paying 2d. a time for them.

E. W. A. (Beckenham).—There is no necessity for any Colonial soldier to cadge for money in the Strand or elsewhere. Any who do so are wrong'uns.

J. W. (Leigh) and S. B. (Slough).—All right; the term "rag," applied to the Union Jack, passes as an endearment. "It's only an old bit of bunting, Only an old coloured rag!" as the poet said.

M. S. (Exeter).—"On entering the Picture Palace at Torquay I accidentally sat on a young man's knee instead of a chair, no lights being on." When are you going again?

W. E. B. (High Hold).—"Horatio does not wait and see as some have done; He spits it out—if you don't like it, lump it; South Hackney knew before the counting he had won. He needs no panegyrist to blow his trumpet." Stand yourself a drink.

W. A. H. (Barnton).—"Leader of men, friend of the poor, Welcomed by all our Empire o'er, And the greatest of great is yet to be, Our good old Horatio Bottomley." *You* can stand yourself two drinks.

"MOTHER OF NINE" (New Malden).—"The management of the National Kitchen here has the audacity to charge 6d. an ounce for cooked mutton." Ought to be boiled.

J. E. (Aberystwyth).—Trades Unions have never shown themselves very eager to run their own factories in their own interests. It's one thing to be out for all you can gain and another to be in for all you can lose.

A. E. T. (Birkenhead) wants the Corporation to remove some of the antique cars from the Woodside to the New Ferry branch. What's New Ferry done?

D. D. (Motherwell).—A nice complimentary letter, but why write it on the back of an invitation to a funeral? Some people have queer tastes.

A. C. (Cleethorpes).—Your two "grievances" are (1) that the Kaiser may get what he deserves, and (2) that most of the 10 pubs. in Cleethorpes do not open their public bars. Don't let the first one worry you.

PTE. A. T. W. (Southampton).—"Lewd books with suggestive titles!" As a rule, these are a catch. Anybody buying one and looking for lewdness would be deservedly swindled.

A. D. (Buckley).—So your grandchild was baptised "John Horatio" and when the Vicar heard it he "had a hearty laugh." Hope he didn't fall in the font.

MRS. J. A. W. (Ripon).—Sorry cannot trace the matter you refer to. Are you sure you haven't had a little misunderstanding with yourself?

A. B. (Shaftesbury).—"A man pointing at a photograph, says, 'Sisters or brothers have I none,' &c." His mamma should have taught him that it is rude to point. [Except bricks.]

E. S. (Canning Town).—When we found you trying to rhyme "ship" with "sick," that is precisely how it made us feel.

W. G. K. (Hammersmith).—Your poetic appreciation of the Army nurses is very nice, but too long for our columns. Better pick out a pretty one, and whisper it in her ear.

R. E. (B.E.F., France).—As a large proportion of our readers are ladies it would not become us to enter into a dissertation on shirts and pants.

"NEW BULLETITE" (Deal).—Yes, many competitors have won substantial "Bullets" prizes with initial efforts.

E. J. (Southampton).—A local dentist offers 15s. a week for bookkeeper and nurse-attendant, all in one, no food, and live out. Not much living out of that money.

SGT. D., D.C.M.—"How is this for poetry?" To so gallant a man we will not say how it is.

"DISCHARGED SOLDIER" (Yarmouth).—"I would like to introduce you to the Yarmouth bully." We prefer to decline his acquaintance.

"PHYLLIS" (Bradford-on-A.).—"Do you know, please, what is the origin of kissing?" It probably begun with a man and a woman colliding in the dark.

"PICK AND SHOVEL" (B.E.F.).—No reflection on the Labour Battalions at all. As everybody knows, they are not Conchies.

"WIFE" (Muswell Hill).—We respect your loyalty to your German husband. He may be worthy of all you say of him, but you can hardly expect other British people to think so.

E. L. (Dulwich).—Barretts, of Wood Green, charge no more for their boiled sweets than anybody else at 2s. 8d. a pound, which is the controlled price. The pre-war price was about 3½d. a pound. The Food Control doesn't call this profiteering; you can call it what you like if you don't let 'em hear you.

L.-CPL. E. A. B.—"At the Censor's Office, Liverpool, the soldier's wife is the first to be discharged, while single girls with means are allowed to carry on. Is this fair?" You know the answer.

"FED UP LADY CLERKS" (Newcastle).—Sorry you have got no bonus. But you are naughty girls to use the Government type-writer on Government paper—in Government time, perhaps?

S. F. (Sheffield).—Cannot say why your boy had to polish up his buttons while "his shirt was walking." It would certainly have been more reasonable to let him catch it first.

"LAND GIRL" (Ely).—No pay for wet days, and still without those overcoats? It's a rotten shame.

C. J. Y. (Aberdeen).—"I get JOHN BULL every week, and the first thing I see is your leading article." Well done; most people begin with the cover.

C. B. (France).—Thanks for suggestion for a cartoon, but what exactly do you mean by—"a long drawn look in his eyes"? If his look was drawn too long it might result in a pop-eyed expression.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

WONDERFUL VALUE IN FOUNTAIN PENS.

THE JOHN BULL PEN.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS SEE COUPON.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *(Feb. 1st, 1919.)*

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

Why am I not Demobilised?

When the soldier puts this question to himself or his friend he must always remember:—

(1) That demobilisation is an enormously difficult job.

(2) That its smooth working is in no sense facilitated by impatience or unrest.

(3) That at the moment only partial demobilisation is possible.

(4) That if he should be a "demobiliser" or "pivotal," the Army authorities are as anxious as he is to secure his return to civil life.

(5) That if he should be in one of the other groups open for demobilisation his turn will come in due course, provided—

(a) His forms are in order, and

(b) He can be spared from the army.

(6) That some men, in responsible "pivotal" posts in the army, are indispensable to the army machinery and can only be released when their places have been adequately filled.

(7) That many thousands of Ministry of Labour forms have had to be returned because they were incorrectly filled in.

(8) That the rectification of mistakes duplicates the work of the Demobilisation Authorities.

(9) That if he should be a "slip" man he must wait until his trade or profession or business is included in the list of groups open for demobilisation.

(10) That the priority of these groups depends upon the industrial needs of the community.

(11) That the War Cabinet, in sanctioning the scheme whereby men are restored to their normal occupation, did so because it takes account of national requirements.

(12) That individual claims can only be admissible where they do not conflict with national claims and do not result in unfairness to other individuals.

(13) That careful consideration is given to every representation of the man's point of view.

(14) That military considerations must still be taken into account.

(15) That the Army of Occupation must be maintained in substantial strength until it can be reduced without prejudice to our world-wide interests.

(16) That the vast machinery which has to begin the work of resettlement by "bringing the boys home" is every day working more easily.

(17) That the ground is being prepared for your return.

PATIENCE—and your time will come, when you will find that the interval has not been wasted.

All Government departments concerned want to bring you back to:—

HOME,
WORK,
CONTENTMENT and
AN ASSURED FUTURE.

Give them a Chance to do it.

Have YOU accepted "John Bull's" Free Gift—see insurance offer on page 16.

BULLETS'

2ND PRIZE £20 **£200** **1ST PRIZE £10 3RD PRIZE**

20 PRIZES OF £2 10s.	25 PRIZES OF 10s.	200 PRIZES OF 5s.	1,000 PRIZES OF 2s. 6d.	3,000 SPECIAL "TAROBT" PRIZES.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example: —The Right Man. Bullet:—Needed For Demobilisation. Example:—Shy Miss. Bullet:—Hard To Find, Nowadays. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated Feb. 22nd.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 318.

TALKING ABOUT PEACE	BOTTOMLEY EXPOSES	WHAT WILSON WANTS	ENGINEERING TROUBLE	TOMMY'S GRIEVANCE
IN RUSSIA	DILLY AND DALLY	LEAGUE OF NATIONS	WORKING SHORTER HOURS	WAIT AND SEE
PUTTING IT OFF	IN THE HOUSE	SHY MISS	FULL UP	MORE PAY
GERMAN BOLSHEVISTS	LOOKING CHEAP	THE RIGHT MAN	CAN'T DO WITHOUT	WHEN FATHER WORKS
A BIG RUSH	WHAT MAC LIKES	IN WRONG BOAT	WORK FOR ALL	SHOCKING DELAY
BUTCHER'S BOY	LOOKING FOR MAID	OWING TO WOMAN	POPPING THE QUESTION	THE KAISER'S GUILT.

No. ____ Closing Date. Thursday, Feb. 6th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(318) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If coupon is used P.O. or 6d. must be sent.

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No. ____ Closing Date, Thursday, Feb. 6th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(318) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If coupons are used P.O. or 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 318. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

Write competition in top left-hand corner of the envelope

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 319.

BOTTOMLEY DISLIKES—DEALING WITH GERMANY—WE DOUBT—THE WRONG TURNING—DENSE CROWD—A BOLD POLICY—CAN T BE DONE—WITHOUT QUESTION—WHAT TOMMY EXPECTS—BRITAIN'S FUTURE—FOUND OUT—A MARKED MAN—SAND OF HOPE—KIND FRIENDS—LEARNING TO DANCE—SETTLING RUSSIA—THREATENING TO STRIKE—PERFECT PEACE—MOST CHEERING WHEN—IN PARIS.

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **319** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets," **No. 319,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Thirty examples for competition **318.**

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 316 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed &.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Mr. R. Airey, 12, Ernest Terrace, Northallerton:
Cool Cheek—But Not Rare—Profiteer.

Mr. L. J. Hodson, The Mill House, Robertsbridge, Sussex:
Counting The Cost—Treasury—After Money's Gone.

Mr. W. Glew, 5, Emerald Terrace, Campbell Street, Hull:
Just As Good—We're "Slow" To Believe.

Mr. H. Watson, 47, Ronald Street, Nottingham:
When In Doubt—Wise Witness "Can't Remember."

Mr. T. Wilkinson, G.P.O. Telephones, 8, New Street, Jersey, C.I.:
Playing The Clown—"Striking" Before There's Need.

Result of 316th "Bullets" Competition.

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. W. STAFF,
11, Johnson's Buildings, Trevor Street, Green Lane, Hull.
Example:—Counting The Cost.
Bullet:—Wouldn't Have Saved Europe.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

L.-Cpl. G. STEAVE,
110, Wellington Road South, Stockton.
Example:—Just As Good.
Bullet:—Tommy Without Church Parades.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. R. GREGORY,
70, Sale Lane, Tyldesley, near Manchester.
Example:—When Tommy's Discharged.
Bullet:—Past Splendid, Future Doubtful.

20 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. H. Scott, "Rushbrook," Portland Rd., Southall, Middlesex:
Dutch Courage—"Runs Away" With Discretion.

Mr. J. G. Taylor, 49, Penyston Road, Maidenhead:
Dear To Us—Old Age—Especially Bottled.

Mr. Fred. J. Manning, Clifton House, Bridgend, Glam.:
When Tommy's Discharged—Old "Job" His Comforter.

Miss Jessie Webb, The Nook, Balmoral Terrace, York:
When Tommy's Discharged—Dodging Adversity, Not Work.

Mr. T. Rumbelow, 6, Hart Street, Liverpool Street, Salford:
Just As Good—As Germans—Sinn Feiners.

Mr. Vivian Welch, 53, Devana Road, Leicester:
Cool Cheek—Quack's Cure For Blushing.

Mr. Harold Walker, 6, Latham Road, Earlsdon, Coventry:
When Tommy's Discharged—"Private" Then Becomes "Personal."

Miss S. J. Birch, 11, Parrock St., Gravesend:
When Tommy's Discharged—Gets Thin "Looking Round."

Mr. J. H. Owen, 4, Buckley Street, Audenshaw, near Manchester:
When Huns Return—Better Bring Bandages, Too.

Mr. J. W. Ward, 84, Doystrook Lane, West Derby, Liverpool:
Cool Cheek—Hun, Traveller's Toy Submarine.

Mr. F. Baker, 19, Western Road, Bexhill-on-Sea:
Beginning Well—Exchanging Ramsay For Bottomley.

Mr. John R. Haigh, 8, Darfield Street, Ashley Road, Leeds:
Prodigal Son—Policeman "Throws Light Upon."

Mr. W. A. Hodge, 8, William Street, Shettleston, Glasgow:
Cool Cheek—"Laid Against" Hot Favourite.

Mr. J. Robinson, 102, Rochdale Road, Bury, Lancs.:
Dear To Us—Peace—Unless Tommy's Patient.

Mr. C. H. Mason, 13, East Street, Farnham, Surrey:
Paying The Penalty—Baby—Of Milkman's Profiteering.

JOHN BULL'S

GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE AND LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone can be insured irrespective of sex, above the age of 10.

The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 8s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

We have made our insurance as simple and comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "Legal representative" or "next of kin." Claims will be paid to the registered reader, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. **A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.**

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

CONDITIONS.

This offer applies only to persons over 10 years and residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

Any number of persons in one family may be separately insured provided an order for JOHN BULL is placed and a registration form is forwarded in respect of each person.

Claims, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be received by us within three days of the loss or damage, and in the case of death such death must occur within thirty days, and as a direct and sole result of the injury.

Payment will be made subject to any rights which the claimant may have or acquire against, or under, any other Insurance Scheme, Company, or otherwise and the Proprietors of JOHN BULL shall not be liable until the registered reader has exhausted his or her rights under such insurance.

This offer applies only to the dwelling-house, apartments or dwelling rooms attached to business premises, of the registered reader, but not to business premises or stock-in-trade.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments under this scheme to £10,000, and to discontinue, or make any variation of this offer by the publication of notice in JOHN BULL.

The decision of the proprietors of JOHN BULL upon all questions shall be final.

In order to safeguard ourselves it is stipulated that a fire will not be recognised as such unless a call has been made upon the local Fire Brigade or police.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200	For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye	£100
In Case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home ...	£200	Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but in attendance the injured person from following his or her employment, up to ...	£10
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye ..	£200	In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 Per Week

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

February 1, 1919.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this Insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:

Name of Nominee.....

Address.....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home.....

Feb. 1, 1919.

RHEUMATIC GOUT.

Wonderful Success of this New Home Cure. Books and Trial Packages Free.

"Curicones," the remarkable discovery of a London Manufacturing Chemist, is giving such successful results in expelling Uric Acid from the human organism that sufferers from any form of Rheumatic trouble should write for "The Story of a Rheumatic Cure." It tells how the chronic cases can be cured at home by means of this new scientific combination. A trial package will also be given, enabling sufferers to give "Curicones" a free test. There is now no need to suffer or walk about like a cripple. Amongst the cases which have been cured may be mentioned:—

A. R. Dockree writes: "I am writing to thank you for what 'Curicones' have done for me. Thank God He gave you the knowledge to compound such a remarkable medicine as 'Curicones.' They exceed anything I have ever tried. I have not been able to walk without a stick for three years—now, thanks to 'Curicones,' I am able to do so. My doctor gave me a bottle of medicine, and said that was all he could do for me. I tried it, and in fact nearly everything else, but without satisfactory results. My wife persuaded me to give 'Curicones' a trial, and I am more than thankful that I did so. My friends all noticed the immense change in me and the great benefit that I have received.

RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, GOUT.

"Curicones" will cure you as they cured him. Try them and see for yourself. They not merely relieve pain but eradicate it's very cause.

They Cure when everything else has failed.

FREE Send name, address, and ailment, and we will post you a trial package and an interesting book about "Curicones." Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd., Dept. V/5, 1921, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

Advice to Mothers

GIVE Your Baby Dr. Ridge's Patent Cooked Food and he will sleep peacefully, being free from diarrhœa and constipation, will put on firm flesh, be happy, healthy and strong. Ridge's goes to the chest, and is therefore the cheapest. Doctors recommend it everywhere. Of all chemists, in 8½, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. tins. Packets, 3d.

The MUSICAL SUBMARINE 1/- Postage 2d. each.

plays any tune, and requires no learning. Fascinates players and listeners. Most successful effect in home, hall, or open air. Song accompaniments, brass band imitations, chorus playing. Thousands sent to France during the great war. Get ready for Peace Celebrations. CHAS. ORME & Co., 93, Chancery Lane, London W.C.2.

Cast off the Shackles

Which chain you down to a humdrum, struggling existence. Learn how to overcome the obstacles which bar your progress, and success will be yours. You CAN increase your earnings, win promotion, develop your latent faculties, and attain your desires. Grenville Kleiser's Self-Development Course, contained in one big volume, entitled

How to Build Mental Power

explains how. It will be sent to all responsible readers of "John Bull" on three days' approval, upon receipt of coupon below. Opportunities for advancement are plentiful now—so prepare yourself. Post coupon at once.

To Funk & Wagnalls Co., 134, Salisbury Sq., E.C.4

I enclose 6d. for postage. Send "How to Build Mental Power," on 3 days' approval. Unless I return the book I agree to remit, within 5 days, either 18s. in full payment, or 1st instalment of 4s. 6d. and 3 further monthly payments of 4s. 6d.

Name _____

Full Address _____

Write (clearly) _____

DO away with the annoyance of continually breaking laces by getting

PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

These are the finest laces made. Numerous threads of the finest cotton go to the making of each Paton Lace, giving them unequalled strength, and securing an elasticity which makes for foot comfort.

For Ladies' and Gents' wear. *Per pair.*

Boot Laces	3d. & 4d.
Shoe Laces (flat & tubular)	4d.
Leather Laces	6d. & 9d.

British made throughout.

Refuse inferior foreign made laces.

Your own boot dealer can supply you if you insist upon PATON'S.

Wm. Paton, Ld., Johnstone, Scotland.

Freemans Custard

With STEWED RHUBARB.

Rhubarb, either "forced" or garden grown, always provides a welcome and a health-giving dish. Add to it Freemans Custard, and you have a delightful, nourishing sweet for luncheon, dinner or supper.

Freemans Custard, like all other Freemans Food Products, contains definite nourishment in its *purest* and most delicious form.

THE WATFORD MFG. CO., LTD.,
(*Managing Director* - *O. RAVINDEN*.)
Boisseliers (Boy-sel-ea) Chocolates, Vi-Cocoa, and Freemans Food Products.
DELECTALAND, WATFORD, ENG.

Made in Delectaland where Pure Foods come from.

NO MORE ASTHMA

Every Asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you inhale it the strangling coughing stops and you can breathe easily.

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep a tin handy and use when required.

Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1s. 6d., or post free 1s. 9d., from Potter and Clarke, Ltd., 66, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

A Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, together with a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent if you

Sign this Form To-day

and post it to the above address.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

John Bull .....

YOU MUST HAVE STEADY NERVES.

Watch your General Health and see how your nerves are Strengthened.

However we may admire courage, it is certain that very often bodily health has much to do with it. Those whose nerves are shattered by illness, or the impoverishment of their blood, cannot be blamed if they do not show the same bravery as a person brimming over with full-blooded health. They deserve sympathy, not blame.

Steady, well-toned nerves are a matter of health, and to have nerves in this state saves great suffering—of mind as well as body. People who are startled by any sudden noise, jarred by the rattle of street traffic or factory, irritable in temper, easily alarmed, often tormented by headache and neuralgia, require a nerve tonic that will feed the blood and so invigorate the nerves.

Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people have often restored men and women who are mere nervous wrecks to calm, strong workers. If your nerves are not all they should be, obtain a supply of Dr. Williams' pink pills locally. With Dr. Williams name they will be genuine: and write a postcard for a very helpful book, "The Nerves and Their Needs," to Post Dept., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

Foster Clark's

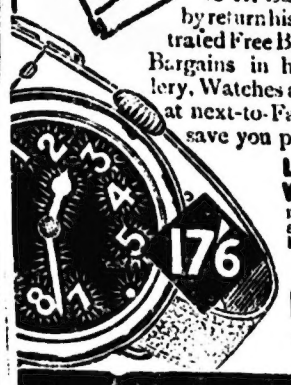
FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. SOUPS are a most wholesome substitute for Meat. Make them your daily food.

You simply add Water

2D SOUPS

H. SAMUEL'S FREE BOOK OF MONEY-SAVING BARGAINS

FREE COPY AWAITS YOU!



A postcard addressed to H. Samuel brings you by return his beautifully illustrated Free Book of wonderful Bargains in high-class Jewellery, Watches and Plate offered at next-to-Factory Prices that save you pounds. **Write now.**

LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH. Reliable movement, Handsome Nickel case, **17/6**

Branches in all Principal Towns.

H. SAMUEL
199, MARKET ST, Manchester.

H.SAMUEL, LTD.

LEAN-DUPLEYAN SHORTHAND

LEARNED IN 12 LESSONS.
Highest Speed. Legible as print. 100 words per minute in 4 weeks. Handbook and 1 Lesson Free.
Shorthand Association Ltd., 395, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.1.
Tele.: 6111 Holborn.

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, EAR NOISES.

Send for Free Copy of Sir Hiram Maxim's New Book and learn of a quick and easy Common Se se Home Cure.

Readers of "John Bull" are strongly recommended to send for this concise little book, which has already enabled thousands to cure easily and quickly at home most cases of Catarrh, Deafness, Ear Noises, Bronchitis, and Asthma.

The book and full particulars, describing one of Sir Hiram's most wonderful discoveries, will be sent free to all applicants on receipt of name and address.

Thousands of sufferers have already cured their ailments by following the advice given. Send no money. Simply write to the Sole Licensees,

John Morgan Richards & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

SOME PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President, Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents, The Bishop of Southwark, The Lord Bishop of London, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D. Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E., General Secretary, Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

The Danger of Trusting to Luck.

The man who trusts to luck ought to reckon the chances. Now, what are the chances in the case of Venereal Diseases? The average, careless man who "trusts to luck" will put them vaguely in his mind as something like 100 to 1. He does not really recognise the risk at all; he ignores it, or defies it. But that risk can be stated in pretty accurate terms. The Royal Commission has printed evidence to show that of the population in large cities, at least one-tenth is or has been infected with Venereal Diseases. Evidence placed before the Royal Commission also showed that there are about 80,000 *fresh* cases of Venereal Disease in the British Isles every year.

The Proportion of Syphilis.

The man who trusts to luck often says to himself, "After all, Syphilis is a very rare disease, and Gonorrhœa is not of much account." How far this latter disease accounts for years of suffering, for blindness, nay, even death, will be shown in a further instalment of these notes. But the man who laughs so foolishly at Gonorrhœa dreads Syphilis. If he knew that Syphilis formed, as it does, about one-sixth of all cases of Venereal Diseases he would reconsider the chances and hesitate in face of that awful risk.

All those who have taken a risk of infection should at once seek proper medical advice. Early treatment, *within a few hours if possible*, will nearly always *prevent* the disease. Those who act at once may save themselves years of suffering and misery. Free treatment under conditions of secrecy is provided in most centres. Apply at the nearest Hospital or to the local Medical Officer of Health.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write for information and free literature to N.C.C.V.D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, marking your envelope "Medical."

Spinet

The SUPER

MIXTURE & CIGARETTES

1/11 for 2 oz. 20 for 1/4.

R & J. HILL LTD. LONDON.

Punish the Kaiser!

Cheeriboy's Peace Topics. No. 1.

"Surely," says Uncle Cheeriboy, "that must be done, for Monarchs, though clad in purple, are still men, and must be brought to justice the same as ordinary mortals. He'll get a fairer trial from the Allies than from his former subjects—but the punishment must 'fit the crime.'"

Yet there are human afflictions for which even Kaisers with mailed fists and swollen heads are not responsible, but these are amenable to Page Woodcock's Peace Propaganda. Nearly all physical ills are due to digestive ailments, which threaten Bolshevism in the system, unless they are placed under the benign influence of Page Woodcock's Pills. This famous remedy cures indigestion, biliousness, constipation, anæmia, palpitation, kidney and liver ailments, and complaints arising from stomachic and digestive causes.

They make and keep you fit!
70 years' reputation.
Sold by all Chemists.
Have cured millions. Will cure you. 408

Page Woodcock's Pills

INFLUENZA

spreads quickly—the above cutting shows how—and no class is immune from the attack.
When your system is weakened by overwork or worry you run a decided risk of infection.
Guard against the germ by fortifying your mouth and throat with the germ-killing properties of

EVANS' Pastilles

The effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Diphtheria, etc. See the raised bar on each pastille.

Buy a tin to-day for your own use and send another to the "Front." Evans' Pastilles are splendid for service conditions. Obtainable from all Chemists **1/3** per tin.

EVANS SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, LTD.
56, Hanover Street - - LIVERPOOL.

THE ENERGY MAKER.

Fry's

Pure Breakfast

Cocoa

"One of the choicest items on Nature's menu."
"There is No Better Food."
Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., Etc.

I will teach YOU to play brilliantly without Drudgery or Fatigue

In a few months, and with less than half the usual practice, my modern, vivid, progress-compelling **Piano Correspondence Lessons** will give you such a grip of the Keyboard and ease in reading ordinary music, that you will play with spirit and feeling, Songs, Marches, Dances, Hymns, and many of the famous Classical Gems.

I guarantee success to any average person. **Adult Beginners** need not know a note.

Send a card to-day for my illuminating little book **"MIND, MUSCLE & KEYBOARD"** It explains my System and shows what many hundreds, of all ages and stages, say it has done for their playing. **Judge for yourself what it can do for you.**

A Professional Player: "Your matter on Sight Reading is absolutely splendid. I cannot give your methods enough praise. I am really a transformed pianist: my tone-colour and execution have so much improved."—J.F.M. (Cork).

A postcard with full address (Mrs., Miss or Mr.) and the word Moderate, Elementary or Beginner, will bring my book, with form for free advice and opinion by return

Mr. H. BECKER, 31, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C 1.

WHY LOOK OLD?

GREY HAIR

RESTORED IN 3 WEEKS.
DANDRUFF Cured in 7 DAYS.

A GUARANTEED REMEDY, WITHOUT DYES.—The effect is natural; hair gradually becomes its natural shade until the true colour of youthful days is attained. The shade remains so; and keeps the same year after year. To prove its worth, a trial treatment and particulars, with a cake of medicated soap to prevent greyness, sent privately for 3d. postage, P. LIND, Chemist, 608, Clyde House, 489a, Oxford St., London, W. **TEST IT FREE**

MAZDA

DRAWN WIRE

Make your ration of current yield the utmost light by using only Mazda

Electric Lamps

SKIN TROUBLE?

Send for our Trial Bottle

FREE!

SKIN SUFFERERS.—Write to-day for a trial bottle absolutely free of the wonderful new skin discovery.

D.D.D. Prescription.

A liquid wash containing a most powerful element that sinks into the pores and gives INSTANT RELIEF in all cases of **ECZEMA, BAD LEG, RINGWORM, INSECT BITES, AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES.** Cures speedily, permanently. Kills and throws off the disease germs deeply buried in the skin. Cure begins with the very first application of this wonderful wash. **Send to-day for the free trial bottle.** Will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered, and heals far more quickly than salves or ointments.

D. D. D. is obtainable at **2/9**, of all chemists

SEND FOR THE TRIAL BOTTLE NOW.

If you remit 2d. in stamps we will enclose a 3½d. tablet of D.D.D. Soap.

D.D.D. LABORATORIES,
M.N. 1, FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in John Bull, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* John Bull, *Advertisement Department, 22, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Printed and published for the Proprietors (John Bull, Ltd.) by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc. South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.